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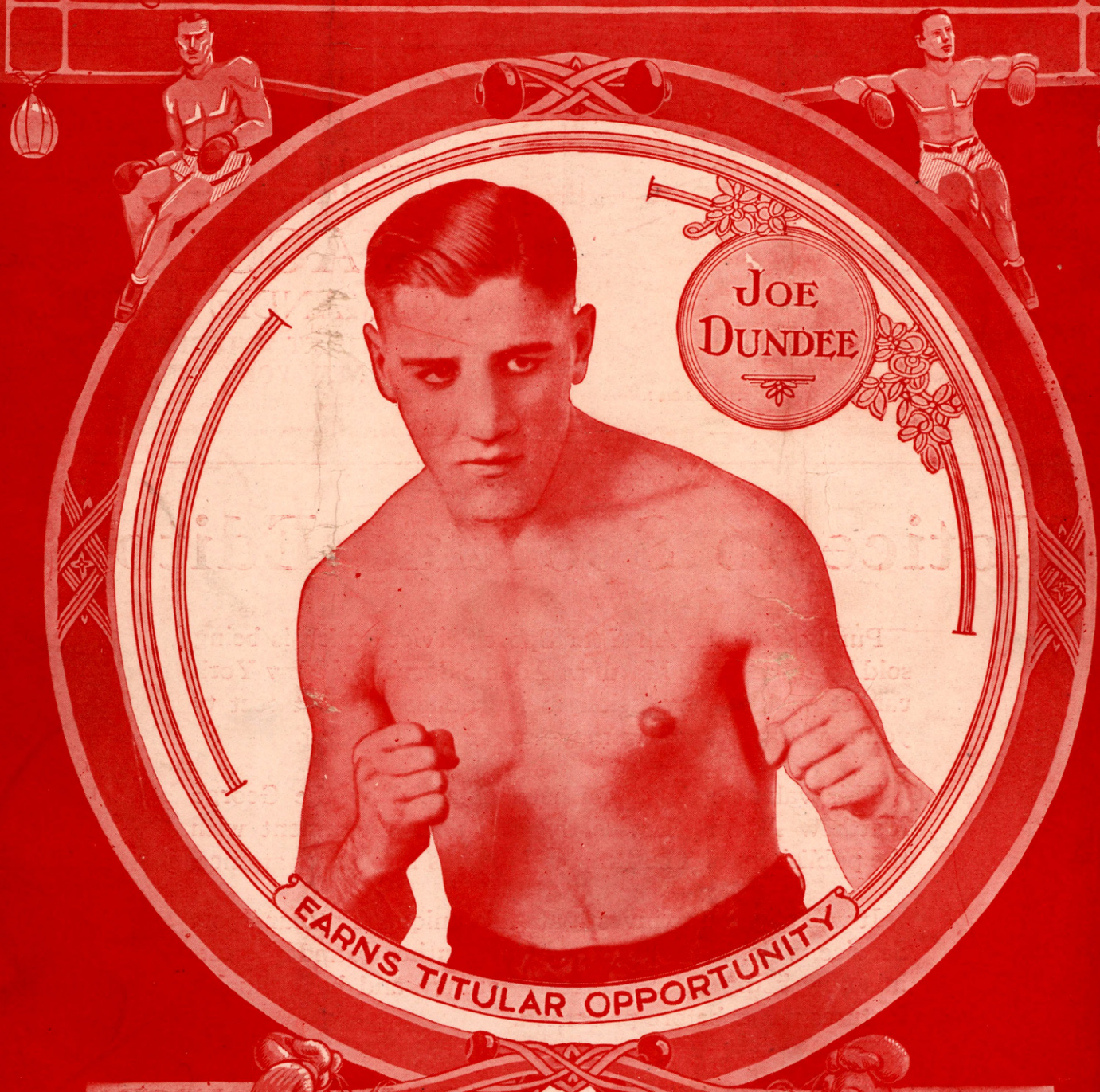

EXECUTIVE OFFICES:
91 Seventh Ave.
New York City, N. Y.
Telephone Watkins 6382

MARCH, 1926

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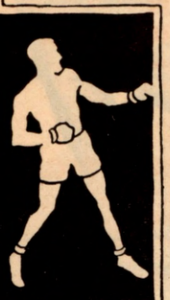
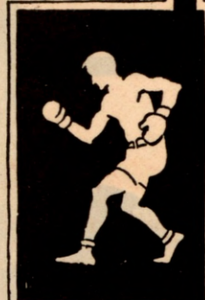


World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine



(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Copyright, 1925
MARCH, 1926

Published Monthly

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor A. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary and Treasurer
For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City
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Associate Editors: Francis Albertanti, Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and John L. (Ike) Dorgan.
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana
Representative in England: Daw's Shipping Agency, Ltd., 4 Leicester St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. 2.

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ABE ATTELL
PHILA. JACK O'BRIEN
McCARNEY'S ALL-TIME BOXING SELECTIONS
Bantamweight — Kid Williams
Featherweight—Abe Attell
Lightweight—Joe Gans
Welterweight—Joe Walcott
Middleweight — "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien
Light Heavyweight — Bob Fitzsimmons
Heavyweight — Luther McCarty
LUTHER McCARTY
BOB FITZ-SIMMONS
JOE WALCOTT
KID WILLIAMS
JOE GANS

"Billy" McCarney Names Greatest Fighters of All Time; McCarty Best Heavyweight

By BILLY McCARNEY

DURING the years that I have identified myself with the boxing game—many years — since 1888 — I have watched thousands of ringmen at work. To select the good from the bad is an easy undertaking. To attempt to pick the very best man of his weight in all that time is nerve racking.

In compiling my list, after days of putting in and taking out names of different ring notables, I feel well satisfied to stand on my selections. I have, and will give, my reasons for honoring the men whom I have chosen.

We will start with the low weight division, the bantam. Here is a section prolific with great ring men. Each champion of the class has shown to a remarkable degree fighting qualities. The cleverness of Jimmy Barry, craftiness of Johnny Coulon, dogged determination of Frankie Conley and the snappy punching of Pete Herman. All of these, with the possible extreme cleverness of Barry, I saw in Kid Williams, known in his day as "The Tiger." A foolish match, the one with Johnny Kilbane, upset the career of Williams and turned him back. Williams is still fighting and never fails to give a good account of himself.

The featherweight division also has had many good exponents of the art of hit and get away, but summing them up you find just three real "greats" among them—George Dixon, Abe Attell and Johnny Dundee. All were personal friends of mine, which made the splitting out of the one to rule as best no easy matter.

They Gave Away Weight

EACH specialized in giving away weight to the best men of his time. It is open to question which of the three met the better men in the classes above him, but my dope says "Little Abie" took his place when at the tag end of his career he fought Battling Nelson fifteen rounds, holding him to a draw. During all his career, Attell could always scale as low as 118 pounds, the bantamweight limit of today, yet met men scaling up to 140 pounds. Attell was, to my way of thinking, one of the greatest ringmen of all time.

The lightweight class! This is soft picking. Joe Gans, "The Old Master," in his day a ring marvel, combined all the attributes of a great fighter. He was the possessor of a fastness of feet that was seldom noticed on account of his uncanny way of shuffling in close to his opponent.

Billy McCarney

Gans was hard to hit, while able to knock out his man with either left or right hand; with hooks or straight punches to head or body. He possessed that rare quality among men of his weight of being able to end a bout with one punch. Gans lived in an age of keen competition. The easy manner in which he could handle Jack Blackburn, the man I rate next to him, proved the tip top class of Gans.

Walcott Tops Welters

THE next division, the welterweight class, is one that from time to time has faded almost out of the picture, for the reason that there was no real money to be made among men of that weight. In recent years it has been more popular and given more consideration than in the days when Joe Walcott, "Mysterious Billy" Smith and Tommy Ryan fought at the weight limit.

All three of these men were always aspiring to the championship in the class above them, where the real money was to be had. Joe Walcott, not more than a heavy lightweight, if he trained properly, was able to cope with heavyweights. He never had an equal at his weight. During the days of Walcott there was a truly great welterweight, George Cole, of Trenton, N. J., but he was so completely overshadowed by Walcott he never was given just recognition.

Cole, like Walcott, was a negro. Never scalling over 140 to 145 pounds, Cole knocked out many heavyweights and middleweights of note.

O'Brien Best Middleweight

HERE comes a selection that will cause plenty of talk. I name "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien as the greatest middleweight of all times.

Never a champion of this division, yet the most masterful boxer I have ever seen in the ring, "Philadelphia Jack", a gamester with more than ordinarily good hitting ability, was blinded to his real worth by a desire for quick riches.

Seldom scaling more than the 154 pounds, the weight limit in his day for the middleweight class, O'Brien touring Europe, knocked out or easily defeated all the heavyweights across the

(*Continued on page* 15)

From Bananas to Boxing Gloves—the Colorful Story of Joe Dundee, Pride of Baltimore

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

MARYLAND has a potential candidate for the presidency in Governor Ritchie. His latest utterances on national topics have imbued his Democratic friends with the idea that he will step into the shoes of the late Woodrow Wilson.

Funny way to start a fight yarn, but it happens to coincide with the pugilistic hopes of Joe Dundee, pride and joy of Baltimore. The gritty Italian is headed for the top rung of the welterweight championship ladder, and believe us or not, there isn't a man in the world who has it in him to stop his rapid climb. In another six months, maybe less, Dundee will be ready to knock the once Smilin' Mickey Walker off his high perch.

After a lapse of nine years, or since Kid Williams lost the bantam crown to Pete Herman in 1917, Baltimore is shouting the praises of another champion in the making. Some of the more rabid fanatics have gone so far as to state that Dundee is almost as great an all around performer as Joe Gans, the negro lightweight champion who put the Monumental City on the pugilistic map and relinquished his laurels to Battling Nelson eighteen years ago.

Herford Boosts Joe

FROM no better judge, or critic, than Al Herford, Gans's manager, comes the enlightening information that Dundee "is a Joe Gans." If anyone in this wide world knows a good fighter when he sees one, he is Herford. Al has seen enough of Dundee to convince him that nothing short of an earthquage will stop him from realizing his fondest dream—bringing the third championship to the town of man-sized oysters and delicious crab meat.

"Dundee is one of the finest boxers I've ever seen," reminisced Herford in a fanning bee the other day, "and believe me, at least you know it for a fact, that I've seen them come and go over a stretch of thirty years.

"There is nothing of the spectacular about Dundee," Herford continued. "But he's in there all the time scoring points. His left hook to the body is a treat for the eye, and an annoying punch for his opponents. He places it very timely. He has a good noodle. Seldom does he waste a punch.

"A fellow like Mickey Walker is made to order for him, to my way of thinking. I'll tell you why. Mickey comes rushing in. All Joe has to do is step to one side, countering opportunely. Gans was the greatest counterer that ever laced gloves on his hands. Benny Leonard was also pretty good.

A Natural Counterer

DUNDEE is a natural counterer. Mickey will get tired trying to get a punch or two in, and Dundee will not only feint him into knots, but hit enough times to earn the decision. Dundee is careful but he takes advantage of every opportunity—he looks for openings and drives in his best efforts.

"Unless I'm way off," concluded Al, "I look for Joe to come through with flying colors. It is in the youngster to bring the welter title to Baltimore. Mark what I tell you—don't think me egotistical when I say I haven't been wrong, or called a bad one, in a decade."

In the five years Dundee has been exhibiting his wares he has amassed a small fortune. He is a born business man, putting all his earnings into valuable land in and around Baltimore. In other words, when he hangs up his gloves they will not have to stage benefits for him.

The fight that brought countrywide renown to Dundee was his decisive victory over Pinkie Mitchell. He made the brother of the famous Richie look like a dub. Joe looked a million dollars on that particular occasion. The ringside critics marvelled at his skilful execution and right then and there predicted a brilliant career for the youngster.

Waxman Brings Him Along

WHILE we're about it a boost is in line for Max Waxman, Joe's manager. If there ever was a gamer manager than the debonair Max let's know his name. Max plodded, used every imaginable scheme, spent thousands of dollars on telegrams and phones to get his man some action. He knew in his heart and soul that he had a pugilistic diamond in the rough but nobody would believe him.

Waxman's reward has arrived sooner than he anticipated. But he isn't wearing a high hat. He's the same old hale, well met fellow. He proved his loyalty to Dundee when he picked him up and initiated him through an arduous campaign, and Joe says he'll stick to Max to the end of his fighting days. They are like father and son.

One of the Lazzaras

JOE DUNDEE was baptised Luigi Lazzara. He first saw the light of day twenty-three years ago in a small hamlet in Italy. His parents brought him to Baltimore in swaddling clothes. He was about two and a half years old.

Joe's father is a wholesale fruit dealer and naturally he wanted his Luigi to go in the same business. Young Lazzara helped his dad screeching "yes, we have no bananas," long before they popularized the words into a song hit, but the thing got on his nerves. His great fun was derived from street fights. He could lick every kid on the block, according to information from some of Joe's pals. He put fear in the hearts of school bullies. Not that he was a rowdy, but he wouldn't take a bluff from any kid.

Luigi was serving customers with some fruit in the autumn of 1921 when Heinie Blaustein happened upon him.

"You've been beefing a long time about how well you can fight," was Heinie's greeting.

"Do you want to fight in a ring?" was the message Luigi heard ringing in his ears.

The would-be purchaser was forgotten in the "fight" conversation.

"Sure thing," replied Lazzara.

Inside the ropes that night the announcer couldn't pronounce the new fighter's name.

How He Was Named

"AW, CALL him Joe Dundee," blurted out Blaustein. "Johnny's an Italian, so's this fellow. I guess Johnny won't mind because he stole the Scotch sounding monicker himself."

Dundee or Lazzara, weighed 114 pounds. His opponent was Little Jeff. They fought four terrific rounds at the

(*Continued on page 32*)

Young Stribling Yearns For Bout With Slattery; Not Going to College

WILLIAM STRIBLING, gentleman farmer, real estate magnate and ring star has come forward with the definite announcement that he would pick up the gloves again after attending to his various enterprises, in which his family are co-partners.

"I expect to be ready to box in six weeks," Stribling said recently, "and of course, New York is the place where I expect to appear. I am not very particular about whom I box, as long as he is a suitable match; by that I mean, Jack Delaney, Mike McTigue or, and especially, Jimmy Slattery."

At the mention of Slattery, Stribling's usual "under twenty-one" smile left his face and a "Jack Dempsey" scowl replaced it.

"You remember I lost a decision to Slattery in Buffalo," he continued, "and while I am not disputing the verdict, I would like just one chance with fifteen rounds to go to show these gentlemen they may have been mistaken."

A Family Firm

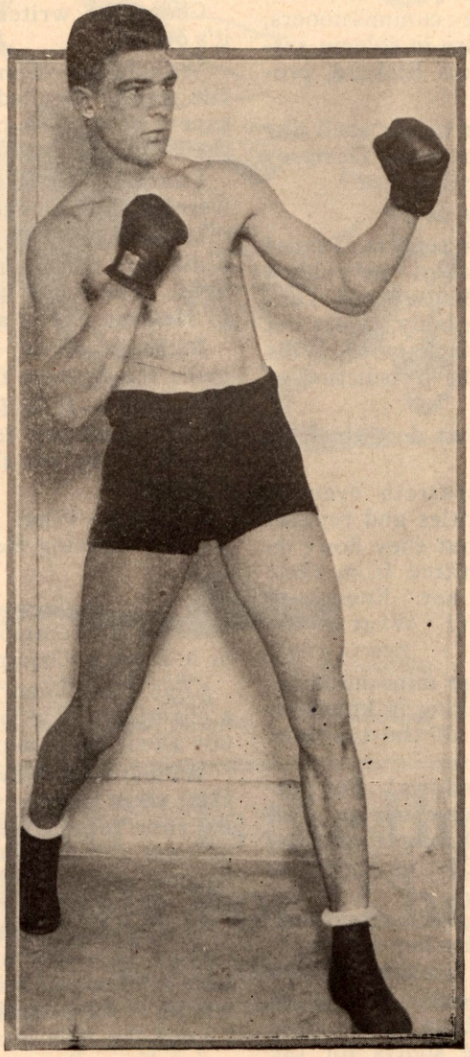
STRIBLING is vice-president of the Stribling Realty Company at Miami, Fla., the other members of the firm being William L., Sr., otherwise "Pa"; Mrs. William L. Stribling, Sr., otherwise "Ma"; Graham Stribling, the kid of the family, and Mrs. Clara Virginia Kinney Stribling, who appears to be the general manager of the Stribling family since her wedding on December 26.

Before going to Miami Young Stribling and his "new manager" will visit his farm at Thomasville, Ga., where he has 640 acres under cultivation with pretty well everything his sunny home State produces.

Stribling volunteered the information that he was not ready to challenge Dempsey for quite some time and that a challenge to Paul Berlenbach could await the outcome of matches against the other men he suggested as suitable opponents for himself.

Would Meet Berlenbach

"I HAVE no doubt," he said, "that Berlenbach, as the titleholder of the light heavyweight championship, will be glad to agree to a 'go' over the fifteen-round route as soon as these other tests are out of the way."



William L. (Young) Stribling.

There did not seem to be the slightest doubt in this new voter's mind that he would successfully box his way through to such an encounter.

Asked if he were in condition, he replied: "Don't you think a man who has fought 158 times since January 17, 1921, is in pretty fair condition all of the time?"

Whereupon, young Mrs. Stribling pointed out that being a non-smoking, careful dieting, continuously exercising young man of quite serious intent, her husband could never be anything else but in the best of condition.

Not Going to College

These qualities, however, did not prevent him from being the worst bridge and deck-billiards player on the ship.

He is not going to college. He finds his "new manager" quite engrossing enough a study for many years to come he says. But Brother Graham is going. He will be through Miami High School this summer, and young Stribling expects to put him into Georgia.

"You'd make a good tackle on a Georgia football team yourself," was suggested.

"What, and endanger a perfectly good nose, not to mention my ears," he retorted as he strolled off with his manager.

Boxers Forced To Use Their Real Monakers

BOXERS who are knocked out one night under the name of "Knockout" Jones and appear later under the nom de cauliflower of "Battling" Brown will find a tough opponent in the state boxing commission, according to Walter Yarwood, secretary of the commission.

The boxing commission recently passed a resolution to the effect that boxers could not change their names to camouflage knockouts or adverse decisions, but must take a name and stick to it, win or lose. This resolution, Yarwood says, will be strictly enforced by the commission.

Yarwood points out that in some instances fighters have been defeated under one name and shortly after appeared under different cognomens in hopes that fans would come to see them fight, not knowing of their previous defeats.

The resolution was also passed for the purpose of allowing the commission to keep a more watchful eye on the battlers' activities.

The Merchant of Knuckles

(Shakespeare up to date in Fisticuffs.)

By Daniel M. Daniel

Reel No. 1.

THE scene is laid in the offices of the New York Boxing Commission. The honorable commissioners, Jacobus, Wilhelmus and Georgus are in solemn session and have before them Georgus Texus Rickard, promoter.

Jacobus:—What ho, Texus, it has come to our shell like ears that thou dost negotiate for a fight between Dempsey and Tunney over yonder in New Jersey. Is't true?

Rickard:—Your honor, it is verily a fine day.

Jacobus:—Have done with the weather reports, Texus! I can see that it is a fine day. But what of the publick prints? They sa ythou hast matched Dempsey and Tunney against the royal decree of this noble body. Dost not know that Dempsey must meet the Blackamoor Wills first, and that the fight must be held in the jurisdiction of the New York State Treasury?

Rickard:—My good friend Jacobus, what dost think of the Irving Berlin nuptials?

Wilhelmus:—Enough! The witness sparreth even as some of our so-called boxers with high titles and reputations do spar. They make wild motions but they don't do anything. They speak but nothing is emitted from their mouths. They seem to hit but they hurt not. Enough of this sparring, Texus. What of the report? What of the report?

Rickard:—Your honor, were I to divulge mine information it would be prejudicial to mine trafficking in knuckles. Mine business would be given away to all the ten cent promoters in this land.

Jacobus:—Bolt the doors! Shut the windows! Put putty in all the keyholes. Break the telephone wires. Pull down the shades. Order out the army to keep the street clear. Not a soul shall hear. Now, Texus, let us harken to the info. Let us in on your deep secret.

Rickard:—Verily you overwhelm me with attentions. Do any of you birds want to see a good hockey match?

Wilhelmus:—Hockey? Odds bodkins, hockey did you say? It is Tunney we desire to hear about. Hockey be damned! How much doth hockey contribute to the state treasury? Wrestling, boxing,—these are sports for the man. Hockey is but murder.

Rickard:—Where do you get that stuff? Dost not know that in another year mine new Garden will be devoted to hockey and that boxing will be chased clear across the Hudson into New Jersey?

Jacobus:—How canst say that? Hockey is well enough where it is and it is but a poor substitute for a real fight.

Wilhelmus:—A real fight! Shades of John L. Sullivan, whom I did train. Shades of Jem Mace! Shades of John Heenan! Where can we see a real fight these days? When did we last see a real fight? And stay, I would make an appeal! Call in all the newspaper boys. They are handy once in a while, though not often.

Reel No. 2.

Fourteen boxing writers march in.

Underwood (who writes for the publick prints):—Well, has ordered the vile weed back into the Garden, Wilhelmus? Is that the news?

Wilhelmus:—No, a thousand times, no! Tobacco is not for human beings. It poisoneth the very air. It makes men's brains sick. Gaze upon me. I never have smoked.

Chorus of writers:—Yes, gaze on him, will ye! Now it's out.

Wilhelmus:—Gentlemen, I called you not to discuss the vile weed. I called you to write scathing pieces in your papers about the champions who will not fight. Smoke them out!

Chorus of writers:—Smoke them out? We thought you were against smoking.

Wilhelmus:—Wax not facetious, minions of the press! I did but mean that I desired you to force fighters to fight. The bouts we have been having around here smell to Heaven. They are of the consistency of tripe.

Rickard:—Well, why doesn't the honorable commission make the fighters fight? I can't.

Jacobus:—It is for the promoter of fights to promote fights. You pay too much attention to hockey and dog shows. Why not show the people of this town some new fighters?

Rickard:—What does the honorable commission think about the Irving Berlin nuptials?

Reel No. 3

There is a commotion in the outer precincts. A cop drags in a Boxing Champion.

Cop; Your honors, here is one of the culprits. This is a champeen. He is here to answer wherefore he fighteth not albeit he is a professional fighter.

Wilhelmus: Howcome, varlet, thou dost not battle? Hast thou too many ducats in the banks? Does not realize your responsibility? The Garden yawneth for battles of class and the public yawneth with the Garden and the battlers yawn at the prices offered. You birds make me sick. Howcome?

Boxing Champion: Why all the excitement? I have my car. I have my town house and my country house. I have my bungalow in Florida. I have bank accounts everywhere. I have moving picture offers. Why should I fight? I need the title in my business.

Jacobus: But are you not a fighting man?

Champion: Yeh, but not in the ring. And if I do make a match, I can tell you, I want my pound of flesh.

Wilhelmus: Give the varlet the air. Give him a pound of Harry Stevens' dogs and let him go hence before I am roused.

Rickard: Bill, what do you think of the Irving Berlin nuptials?

Reel No. 4

Georgus (the third commissioner)—Gentlemen of the Commission, let me interfere. We have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. Or rather, I should say, lend me your ears. What was the business at hand?

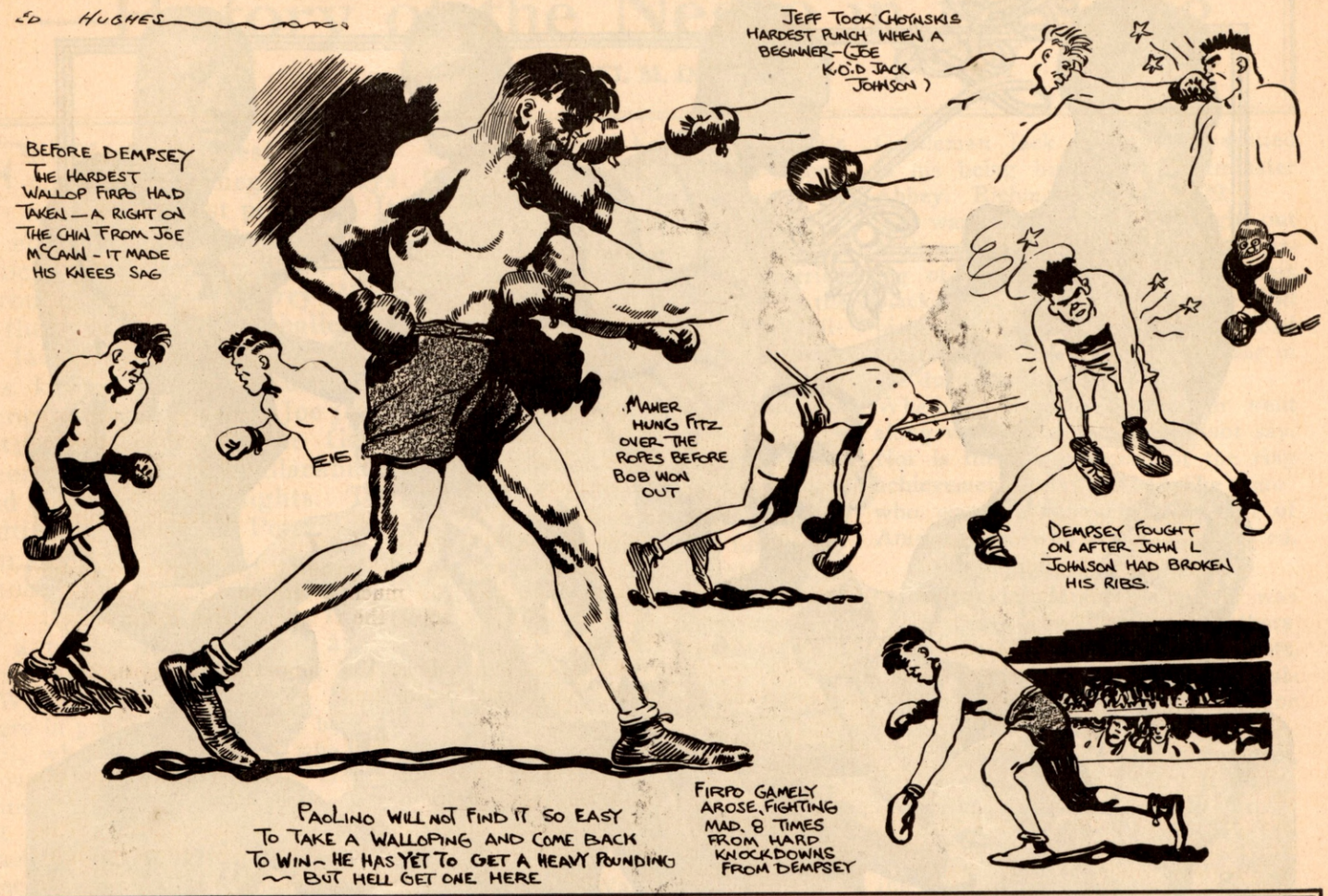
Jacobus:—It seems to me that we did have some sort of business.

Wilhelmus:—It seems to me that we did summon Texus about something.

Rickard:—Gentlemen, what do you think about the Irving Berlin nuptials?

THE END.

The Big Question In Boxing



"Can He Take It?" Is the Big Question As Paolino Heads for These Shores

By ED. HUGHES

"SMOKING UP" interest in the pugilistic activities of Europe's new heavyweight "sensation," Paolino, will soon be under way in earnest. The Basque woodchopper is due to perform for Mr. Rickard in the Garden, which is tantamount to saying that the burly Basque will soon fall heir to such publicity as he never dreamed could be written for him. Though Paolino's rating should actually be about fourth class here until he has proven something else, some strong stuff doubtless will be written concerning his menacing appearance, his Herculean strength, the tigerish ferocity and devastating wallop with which he massacred the nondescript mob of European "push-overs."

Perhaps Paolino has all the pugilistic attributes mentional above, but he'll need another vital asset to shine in American rings. He'll have to be able to "take it," absorb a brand of punishment severer than anything he has experienced abroad. Mere strength and fighting spirit, even combined with a wallop, is only half the battle in the American amphitheatre of fisticuffs. Uncle Sam's graveyard of fistic hopes contain an appealing number of epitaphs featured with the doleful information, "He couldn't take it."

A FEW of these noteworthy departed ones come readily to mind—Al Reich, Bombardier Wells, Fred Fulton, Jim Coffey, Peter Maher, Luis Angel Firpo. There are many more who could be conjurred up with a little effort. But these are the outstanding ones. Reich, a genuine Adonis of the glove pit, either could not or would not stand up under a slugging. Wells' courage was not lacking, but he was a worrisome, highstrung individual, in addition to being physically sensitive to poundings.

Despite his magnificent build in some respects, Bombardier had a tapering jaw, a long neck and a body which was singularly non-resisting to blows. He could hit like sin and box brilliantly, but was unable to endure "rough stuff." Fred Fulton belonged in the same category with Reich regarding lack of fighting spirit and with Wells in respect to weak physically fighting make-up. He had first class fighting knowledge, linked with a crushing punch.

Jim Coffey had a "glass jaw," though he could box and hit. Charley Weinert was another Jim Corbett in science but lacked vital qualities.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Greatest Negro Boxers of All Time

1—*Bill Richmond.* 2—*Bob Armstrong.* 3—*Peter Jackson.* 4—*Jack Johnson.* 5—*Frank Craig.* 6—***Original George Godfrey.*** 7—***Joe Jeannette.*** 8—*Tom Molineaux.* 9—*Young Peter Jackson.* 10—***Sam Langford.*** 11—*Harry Wills.* 12—***George Dixon.*** 13—*Joe Walcott.* 14—*Joe Gans.* 15—***Sam McVey.*** (***Copyright,*** **1926,** ***The Ring, Inc.*** *Reproduction Prohibited.*)

From "The Black" of 1791 to Harry Wills —History of the Negro in the Ring

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

FROM the earliest days of pugilism the negro always held a foremost position. It is no unaccustomed distinction which comes to the black race through the rise of Harry Wills as the most formidable challenger of Jack Dempsey. The modern age knows Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, George Dixon, Joe Blackburn, and a host of lesser lights. The oldtimers remember Peter Jackson, George Godfrey, the "Old Chocolate," and Professor Hadley. But the history of the negro as a power in the roped arena runs farther back than the '80's.

We can trace the influence of the negro in pugilism all the way back to 1791, when a heavyweight who was known merely as "The Black" created quite a furor in England by knocking out Treadway, who, though not a champion, was regarded as a fairly effective bruiser of that pleocene stage of the bare knuckle era.

Most of our histories of pugilism call Bill Richmond, who was at his best in 1804-1805, the first negro battler, and some even ignore Richmond and hand the distinction to Tom Molineaux, a Virginia black who twice fought Tom Cribb for the heavyweight championship. However, "The Black" preceded even Richmond by at least a decade and it is certain that several other negroes, notably the father of Molineaux, came before "The Black."

The Molineaux Family

IT is stated in the old ring histories that Molineaux came of a family of pugilists in Virginia, but there is no reference to the deeds of pioneers of boxing in this country. The first actual record of a contest in which a negro figured tells of the meeting of "The Black" and Treadway, at Marylebone Fields, near London, on June 13, 1791.

"The Black" had all the better of Treadway in a furious fight which lasted thirty-five minutes. The knockout was clean and decisive. It is recorded that Treadway had the finest handling, Bill Hooper, better known as "The Tinman," being in the loser's corner. Peter Bath, a famous second of those days, handled the negro. A boxing Boswell of the time writes:-

"The battle lasted thirty-five minutes, when Treadway was carried senseless from the field. During the combat the African showed great agility, excellent bottom and thorough knowledge of the art not to be exceeded by the most skillful among the boxers."

Where Did He Go?

WHAT became of "The Black"? There is no further mention of him in the records of his time. Apparently his success against Treadway proved too much for him. At any rate, a negro does not appear again in ring history until Bill Richmond's debut in London.

Richmond was a slave who was born on Staten Island. He appears to have developed into a great boxer in little old New York. He may have figured in some of the bouts which British officers staged in New York during their occupancy of the city during the Revolutionary War. There is definite knowledge that they held boxing bouts down near the City Hall and staged bear baiting exhibitions up around Fourth avenue and Twenty-first street.

In any event, Richmond was taken to England as the body servant of General, the Earl of Percy, later Duke of Northumberland, who himself was a patron of sport and quite an amateur of the ring. Richmond developed his boxing abilities by watching the good ones in and around London, and before long became one of the reigning powers of English fisticuffs. Though only a middleweight Richmond gave Cribb, the heavyweight champion, quite a battle.

Richmond Trained Molineaux

GREAT as Richmond became as a fighter, he is known to ring history better as a trainer and handler. It is written of Richmond that he was a temperate man of the best manners who gained the friendship of many of the English nobility and taught a great number of the young bloods how to handle their "mitts." He gained a peculiar respect which went to well mannered fighters of that day, a respect which, in the case of Gentleman Jack Broughton, resulted in his being buried in Westminster Abbey. Richmond died in 1829.

It was Richmond who brought out Molineaux. Whether Richmond, hearing of the prowess of the Virginia black, sent for him or whether Bill picked up Tom after Molineaux had come to London is not made clear in the dusty tomes of ring history. Whether he was a freeman or went along with his owner we cannot say. Nor is there any record of the ring achievements of "this warlike hero" who was the conquering pugilist of America and who retired undefeated.

Elder Molineaux Unbeaten

THE elder Molineaux never was beaten and he had brothers who were fairly able with their fists, for it is written that "the entire Molineaux family was distinguished for pugilistic excellence and bottom."

Tom Molineaux fought in America, but here again ring history is dumb. He arrived in London in 1810—broke, seedy, but exceedingly confident. The Virginia black, who was built along the lines of Sam Langford, informed the boys around the taverns, stables and other haunts of the fancy that he was the champion of America and could whip anybody in England.

For a while Tom was regarded as a bit softheaded. Molineaux was spoofed and joshed, but he kept his good humor and maintained the claim that in spite of all the joshing he was ready to fight any man in England. "What's the matter with this country? Haven't you anybody who can come out and fight the champion of America?" Tom asked, and after a while this oft repeated query got under the skin of the natives.

Drove Cribb Back Into Ring

AT that time, in 1810, Tom Cribb, who had held the heavyweight honors for years, was in retirement. The heavyweight situation had gone to seed and there was nobody to give Cribb a fight. After Molineaux had hammered away for a spell leaders among the London fancy tried to get Cribb to come out of retirement and meet the negro. But Cribb declined and instead dug up a big husky by the name of Burrows, who was matched

(*Continued on page 26*)

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Paris, France, Feb. 5.
(Special Correspondence)

THE entry of Jeff. Dickson, American, into the French promoting situation has added quite an impetus to the fighting game in France. Dickson has taken over almost the entire boxing business of Paris, which gives him the exclusive control of the Salle Wagram, Cirque de Paris, Velodrome d'Hiver, and the Cirque d'Hiver. It is the intention of Dickson to sign up several good English boxers to meet the French boxers in Paris during the present season. He will also arrange for talent from other parts of Europe for his arenas.

If there are any American fighters that might care to make a trip to Europe, Dickson will arrange for bouts for them in England, and Germany in addition to his Paris bouts. The English and German fights would offset the present low rate of exchange in France. Dickson, however, would not pay any expenses for managers or trainers. The fighters' expenses only would be paid, and on arrival in France they would be taken in hand by an American trainer who will be in the employ of Dickson at his training camp a short distance from Paris.

The best opportunities would be for welterweights, and they would have to be fighters with some reputation, so if there are any such that care to make the trip under such conditions, a letter to the writer will get them in touch with Dickson.

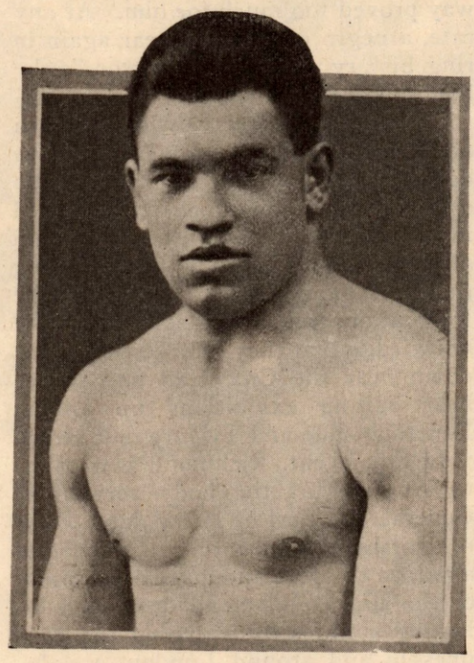
Souls for Sale!

A GOOD story the other day was told about how a well known French manager managed to get hold of one who is now a very well known heavyweight boxer. The former owner of the fighter owed some money to the new owner for boxers' services, which he was unable to pay. Upon being pressed for the money he requested certain leeway on the account and he agreed to put up some family jewels as security.

The owner of the jewels demanded from her husband the return of same some months later, forthwith. But the little man that held the ransom said nothing doing unless the cash was forthcoming, something that he was informed was not possible, at that time.

"Well," said the little manager who, by the way, is well known to American boxing enthusiasts, "You give me your heavyweight boxer, and your middleweight boxer, and I will return the jewels to you." That offer was accepted and the French Boxing Federation made the transfer of contracts.

The new manager of the heavyweight has made more money for the fighter in four months' time than the old manager did in as many years, and many are under the impression that the little manager has the coming heavyweight champion of the world in his hands.



Paolino Uzcudun.

Mascart Emits a Howl

MASCART, the French fighter, on his return to Paris from the States, in an interview to some French newspaper writers intimated that he did not get a square deal in America, and that it was put over on him more than once. Of course it is known here that he was badly advised in the States.

Mascart should have met Kaplan, a bout that was practically arranged for him at the old Garden. The terms which were offered by "Tex" Rickard were most liberal and that one fight would have netted the Frenchman more than he received from all the other fights that he had at the small clubs. It was a New York manager who advised Mascart not to accept the terms that the writer had agreed for, and which the French manager had accepted by cable.

A Match for Paolino

THERE is a possibility that the English fighter George Cook, who recently returned from the States will be matched up for a fight against Paolino, "The Lion of the Pyrenees." Dickson has made a proposition to the managers of both men for a bout to be held in the open air season at the Buffalo Stadium, in Paris, and Descamps is very much in favor of having his man meet the English fighter, and is ready to sign for the bout at any time.

If "The Lion of the Pyrenees" does not go to the States until spring time he will probably meet the Canadian heavyweight Soldier Jones, who was matched to meet the "Lion" in Spain during December, at Barcelona. The bout was not permitted by the chief of police of the Spanish city, for the reason that the previous fight held there between two American Negroes was found to have been a fake. Jones is under the opinion that he can outpoint the "Lion" for ten or fifteen rounds; he might if he could stay either distance, but I have my doubts about his being able to stand off such a puncher as Paolino has shown himself to be.

The "Singing Boxer," Joop Liet, a Dutch heavyweight, recently put over a quick knockout on Bill Preston, who, by the way, was one of the fellows that our old friend Tex O'Rourke attempted to develop into a suitable British representative to have a try for the world's heavyweight crown. He does not yet know any too much about boxing but what he lacks in that sport he makes up in a vocal way after the bouts. After he disposed of Preston at The Ring in London, he sang several selections which took the house

(*Continued on page* 19)

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Feature Service

RECENTLY we received a note from Jack McAuliffe, the only champion of the world who retired undefeated. Of course, we have retired champs who held titles, but none of them hung up the gloves with a record untarnished by defeat as McAuliffe did.

McAuliffe as a lightweight champion fought with bare knuckles out where the bull had his breakfast, and later fought under Marquis of Queensberry rules with the two-ounce and five-ounce gloves. He claimed the lightweight title in 1885 after winning the lightweight tournament held by Billy Madden in New York.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who was recognized as the title-holder, had outgrown the class and moved up to the middleweight division, where he won the honors.

McAuliffe challenged the world at 133 pounds and beat everything before him. He was the first American to hold the lightweight championship, and retired undefeated when he handed over the belt to Kid Lavigne—in New York in 1892.

A LETTER from McAuliffe follows:

"Dear Tad:

"If I was not human I would not be vain. I like all the little boosts that come my way the same as most everyone else. Thanks a lot for your story about Kid Lavigne and me in a recent issue. He was a great champion and we have yet to see his equal.

"I wonder if the sport writers of today would be surprised to know that I was the first American to hold the lightweight championship of the world. I did and defended it against all comers. Before that time the champions were all Englishmen.

"Boxing wasn't given as much publicity in the early days and a champion was hardly known outside of his own city. The heavyweights got all the big notices and the smaller classes were almost ignored.

"I had a name that was hard to pronounce then, too, and that was sort of a handicap. Today the names of sport champions would take an expert to pronounce correctly, but they are given so much publicity the public makes up the pronunciation to suit themselves.

"As we grow old all we have to look back over are our memories. I can look back at my ring days and have many laughs. I am at present on the vaudeville stage and doing well, thank you. Good luck,

"Yours faithfully,
"JACK McAULIFFE."

Delaney Says a Word About Young Fitz

JACK DELANEY, of Bridgeport, who won a ten-round decision from Young Bob Fitzsimmons in the Garden recently, thinks the son of Old Bob is a good fighter, and make no mistake about it.

"They say I didn't put up my fight," said Jack with a smile. "Yes, I did. The trouble was, however, that Fitz had me stopped in a lot of ways. He's a harder fellow to fight than you'd imagine. Why, my best punch, a right-hand uppercut, didn't work against him at all. Whenever I tried it he beat me to it with a stiff left and, pulling his head back out of the way, let my punch glide by. Look at my mouth if you don't think he can sock. (And Jack showed a well pasted kisser). It's no wonder those big fellows duck him. He can go. Say that for me."

Sencio a Tartar

LAST week we read in the papers that Fidel La Barba outpointed Clever Sencio, the Filipino, in a twelve-round bout on the coast. Knowing Senico's record, the writer thought it quite nifty of La Barba to beat this boy, but now since we've seen the Los Angeles papers we think that La Barba was lucky that it wasn't a fifteen round go.

The scribes out West were about evenly divided on the fight, but the audience were all for Sencio, hooting La Barba, the champ, and cheering the challenger.

Both boys weighed in at 115 pounds, and it was a no-decision affair, Mr. La Barba doing the dictating. Now we understand that they are trying to rematch the pair for a fifteen round go at the proper weight, 112 pounds. Bill Smith, of the Los Angeles Herald, had this note about the fight the day after it was held. He said:

Strong for the Philippino

"THE rank and file, the cash customers, who don't pretend to be experts, but figur ethat they can pick a winner when one comes hopping along strung with Sencio in such large numbers that it was apparent that the popular decision was for the Filipino.

"Personally our verdict on the fight doesn't cut any ice, but just to get in line wit hthe other guessers we will cast a ballot for Sencio.

The Filipino forced the fighting for twelve straight rounds, and it was his aggresiveness that won, according to those who tabbed hi mthe winner. La Barba made a retreating fight of it nearly all the way. True, he countered frequently and hit hard, principally with his left hand, but the fight was 'made' by Sencio all the way. The Filipino waded in continually, took all the chances, and his willingness to battle won the big share of the applause which attested just how the immense crowd felt about the outcome.

"It was a real battle all the way, with Sencio showing that he is right in line for a battle with Fidel for the world's flyweight championship.

Boy, Page McAuliffe!

CLARENCE GILLESPIE, the walking encyclopedia of pugilistic data, wants to know if Jack McAuliffe didn't make a mistake when he declared that he was the only retired champion who was undefeated. Gillespie says that in his opinion Jimmy Barry, the Chicago bantam, was the only one of that variety.

He adds that McAuliffe attempted a comeback a year or two after his retirement and ran second in a four-rounder with Phil Tommy Ryan at Scranton, Pa.

This Ryan person also stopped Young Griffo in three rounds, Gillespie says, but at that time Griff had just finished doing a bit in the hoosegow. Ryan's real name was Finney, and at best he was only a third-rater who did well in spots.

Well, McAuliffe . . . Are you there?

(*Continued on page 32*)

Deaf, But Not So Dumb

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part III—(Concluded)

By FRANK GRAHAM

WHAT WAS TOLD IN PARTS 1 AND 2.

Jerry Clark and Johnny Mercer were partners in the boxing game. Several times they had pitted their boys against Pat Riley, heavyweight champion of the state, a boxer who long had passed the peak of his fighting, but who clung to his title through an uncanny ability to talk his way to victory.

Clark and Mercer, their bankroll getting thin, set on a plan to reap a fortune and incidently get revenge by importing a deaf and dumb fighter from Chicago to battle the champion. When the plans were laid, they visited the Windy City, gained the ears of Tony Kelly, Dumb Marshall's manager, and showing him how they could put across a killing by giving Marshall a fictitious name and pitting him against Riley. Kelly consented to their arrangements.

Returning to Hamersville, their native city, Clark and Mercer visited Bob Reynolds, Riley's manager, and convincing him that Marshall, who was to fight under the name of Bill Buckley, was a "hame and egger," he consented to permit his champion to fight Buckley, provided Ted Walters, matchmaker of the Hamersville A. C., would offer a fair purse for the bout. Walters, called into the conference, agrees to promote the contest.

Walters is fearful lest the new fighter be a flivver and warns Clark that if the unknown goes out in the first round Clark will be through with the Hamersville A. C. They haggle over the terms and finally agree on $600. The news of the match arouses a lot of talk and conjecture as to the ability of the "fighter from the rolling mills." Hamersville had no doubt that Riley would make short work of the so called tyro. Riley himself ridicules the idea that the match presents anything even resembling difficulty for him.

Riley is established a 4 to 1 favorite. The fans figure that if he can't punch the newcomer to a knockout he can talk him into defeat with his shadp tongue. The night of the battle arrives. The fighters enter the ring. Riley loses no time in getting his caustic tongue working. The referee calls the fighters to the centre of the ring. Now you may proceed with the third and concluding installment.

THE instructions delivered, the ring was cleared, the bell rang and the fight was on. Riley soon found that Mercer was right in at least one respect: that Buckley, whoever he was, was no stiff. Riley had trained faithfully, which was not always the case, and he was in good shape.

He was faster than usual and meant to end the fight as quickly as possible but in the first round his opponent, young, strong and displaying a coolness that belied his label as a rolling mill sap, stepped around him carefully, jolting him with hooks, stinging him with jabs and causing him to wince with short punches to the stomach.

The second round found Riley boxing carefully—and talking. Usually Pat didn't have anything to say to an opponent until matters plainly were breaking badly for him, preferring to withhold his verbal attack for the moment when it would serve him best. Now he was talking with the fight less than five minutes old.

"What are you goin' to do with that right hand?" he asked, as Buckley edged close to him, his left pawing the air and his right held in position for a blow to the jaw when an opening came. "Throw it out the winder. It ain't goin' to do you no good."

Buckley, under orders to smile whenever he saw that Riley was talking to him, obeyed orders but did not shift his hands. Riley jabbed him with a left and was about to launch a right.

"I'll——"

A Close Call

HE didn't finish the sentence. The stranger's right flashed at him striking him squarely on the mouth, checking his flow of conversation and causing his knees to sag. An inch lower and the fight would have ended right there. Pat knew it, but with blood trickling from between his mashed lips, he forced a grin.

The crowd, which had come to its feet as Riley had seemed about to go down, settled back again as it saw he had absorbed the punch. Those close to the ring caught snatches of his renewed conversation.

"That's the stuff, kid," he sneered. "Don't write—telegraph. Thanks for lettin' me know that was comin.' I took it to show you you can't hurt me. Throw that right hand out the winder or leave it in your corner next time. It's no good, I tell you."

Buckley quickened the pace. His fists smashed through Riley's guard, smearing blood across his face and leaving red welts on his body.

"I'll bet you're gettin' ready to knock me out," taunted the champion. "Oh, my, ain't you the rough guy!"

Riley in Straits

BUCKLEY stopped swinging and stepped back. He feinted with a left, seeking to draw Riley into another opening for the right.

"Hey, Mister Referee!" said Riley. "Make this guy quit stallin' and fight. Make him hit me! Make him hit me!"

"Come on, your four flusher!" he rasped at Buckley. "What's the matter with you—are you yeller? Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. I promised those yeggs in your corner I'd let you stick ten rounds."

The bell rang and the men went to their corners. Riley's mouth was bleeding freely, one eye was beginning to close and his body was sore from the pounding he had taken. Across the ring from him, Buckley sat nodding thoughtfully as his handlers talked to him. There wasn't a mark on him and he had shown no signs of becoming flustered under the gibes of the champion.

THE third round was a bad one for Riley. Bent on making Buckley believe the punches that had reached him in the preceding rounds had had no effect on him, he bounded across the ring as the bell clanged but Buckley met his rush with a jab that sent his head back with a snap. The jab was followed by a stiff body punch and he gasped as he fell into a clinch, pinning the challenger's arms.

"Got your dought for the fight yet?" he asked, as Buckley wrestled in his grasp and the referee sought to tear them apart.

"You know those guys in your corner are bettin' I'll get the decision, don't you?" he went on, as, forced back by the referee, he received another body blow. "Look out they don't steal your dough."

Then, for a moment, Buckley pressed him so hard that he could think of nothing to say; could think only of keeping away from those solid fists that pounded away at him, now swaying his head, now crashing against his ribs. He was in a tough spot and for once his tongue couldn't help him. Only his hands and legs, the legs that had lost the spring they once had, could do that. He managed somehow to weather the round and at the bell he dropped his hands wearily at his sides and started for his corner.

Makes Riley Think

TURNING his head to fling a parting taunt over his shoulder at Buckley, he was surprised to see the stranger still alert, poised as if to follow him. Then Mercer and Clark and the swarthy one he had heard called Kelly leaped into the ring and Buckley, hesitating for another fleeting instant, turned his back on him.

In his corner Riley thought hard.

"There's somethin' queer about that bird," he reasoned. "He don't act as though he heard what I say to him and he hasn't said a word. And I'll swear he didn't hear the bell. He's been hesitatin' like that at the end of every round. No wonder those guys are so quick to hop into the ring after him! Why, he's deaf and dumb! Yes, that's it! Deaf and dumb!"

Under a sponge in the hands of an

anxious second the bleary face of the champion was twisted in a smile.

"So that's it, hey?" he muttered. "A guy old Pat couldn't talk into a knock-out! We'll see!"

The gong rang and again the men advanced to meet each other. Riley's brain, far more nimble than his hands, was working rapidly. He recalled Mercer's warning to him before the fight not to talk to Buckley and the seemingly earnest conversations addressed to Buckley by his handlers between rounds.

WHY, it was all a part of the trick! And, until a moment before, until that stray glance over his shoulder, he had fallen for it! Why hadn't he seen through Buckley's wooden gaze, his fixed smile that never changed?

"A couple of smart Alecks, hey?" he thought, as he was buffeted by the fists of the stranger. "A sap from the rollin' mills, hey? I come near bein' the only sap in this ring."

Then he began to talk again. Mercer and Clark and Kelly and this smiling stranger weren't the only ones who could do a little play acting. He talked and. as he talked, fought guardedly. He had in mind getting through this round and the next in safety. The bell sounded the end of the round and Riley, watching closely, saw Buckley hesitate again before going to his corner.

Dropping on his stool, Riley explained the situation to his manager in a hurried whisper.

"GET your watch out," he added, "and keep it out. When we've got about fifteen seconds to go, rap on the edge of the ring. I'll make a bluff to turn and come back to my corner and the boob will think the bell rang. He'll drop his hands and when he does, I'll knock him for a goal."

A grin spread over Riley's scarred features as he leaped to his feet at the bell. Buckley came across the ring quickly and the chase was on again. Buckley pursuing Riley, the champion ducking, dodging, twisting, holding, talking. Withal, the old stager was conserving his strength as best he could. He wanted to have something more than good intentions behind the punch with which he planned to end the fight. The crowd clamored for him to quit and trade punches with the stranger.

"I'll show you muggs," he muttered. "I'll show you a punch when the time comes."

Rat—tat—tat!

IT was Reynolds, humping the edge of the ring. Riley's ears caught the sound. His hands fell to his sides as he turned away from Buckley.

Smack!

The stranger's right fist thudded against Riley's chin as he turned. He crashed to the canvas, all but unconscious.

The crowd leaped to its feet, howling to Riley.

"Stay down! Stay down! Take a count!"

He writhed and twisted on the floor. He tried to get up. His lips began to move.

"You—you—It didn't hurt, you—Mister Referee—I—"

Dimly, through the roar, he could hear Reynolds.

"Pat! Get up! For God's sake!"

Closer, another voice was counting.

"Three—four—five—"

He struggled, but feebly now. Rosin dust was thick on his lips.

"Ten—and out!" boomed the voice in his ears.

RILEY, sagging on his stool a few minutes later, slowly opened his eyes. His manager was sponging his face, his seconds kneading the quivering flesh of his legs. The crowd was pressing around the ring and the mingled voices of it came up to him in a confused jangle. Somewhere there was cheering. Through a lifting pall of tobacco smoke across the house he caught a glimpse of a big fellow in a faded bath robe who seemed to be having difficulty making his way through a crowd of men who were trying to slap him on the back and grasp his hand.

Suddenly Mercer's face was thrust through the group that had gathered in his corner. Mercer seemed to be elated about something.

"Well, you big stiff!" he chuckled. "Talk your way out of this one! Lemme see you laugh this off!"

Riley stared at him and tried to say something in return but he couldn't, though his brain was clearing now and had caught Mercer's meaning.

For once he had tried to talk his way through a fight and had failed. He was through,—and he knew it.

LUTHER McCARTY GREATEST

(*Continued from page* 5)

"big drink." This was at a time when England and the Continent boasted good big men. Returning to this country the small O'Brien continued mixing with the big boys. He successfully met such heavyweights as Marvin Hart, Jack Johnson, Kid McCoy, Jim Jeffords, John Wille, Billy Stift, (the latter two were top notch heavyweights hailing from Chicago), Tommy Burns and many others.

Please remember that all this time, "Philadelphia Jack" was scaling under the 160 pound mark, and this was catch weights for him. The ring work of O'Brien will always live in my mind.

Calls McCarty Greatest

HERE is another surprise. To me there was but one really great heavyweight and his name was Luther McCarty. Knowing that I developed and managed Luther will make many say that sentiment prompts me to list him as the greatest heavyweight of all time, but I will furnish my reasons, silencing the sentiment chatter.

Luther McCarty was a natural born fighter. He had only two years of ring experience. Never had seen a boxing bout until he was forced in as a substitute at a show he attended with some cowboy friends, far up in Northeast Montana. He gathered all his ring knowledge from observation and constant practice. New York saw him at his worst. What he did in the two years, proved his class. Never once defeated, he beat or knocked out the very best men of his weight in the ring.

In two months' time he knocked out the four leading white heavyweights of the time—Al Kaufman, 2 rounds; Jim Barry, 6 rounds; Jim Flynn, 16 rounds, and Al Palzer, 18 rounds; never having his hair mussed while turning in these four great wins. Anyone of these four men were superior to any man Dempsey has met since winning the title. It must be remembered that Luther McCarty, when he died, was but two months past his twenty-first birthday.

Fate prevented him proving what I claim for him, that he was the greatest heavyweight fighter of all time. He was a combination of speed, cleverness, gameness and hitting ability. Immune to punishment, loving the lust of battle, gifted with every physical requirement—Luther McCarty was the world's greatest heavyweight.

Jake Kilrain, Once Ring Idol, Now Night Watchman at Quincy, Mass.

ON a little side street in the historic town of Quincy, Mass., lives one of the idols of the prize ring, Jake Kilrain.

Thirty-seven years ago, on July 8, 1889, at Richburg, Miss., John L. Sullivan, then heavyweight champion, defended his title against Kilrain in one of the most remarkable fights in the annals of the fistic sport.

It was the last great American prize fight. For 75 rounds the two gladiators with bare knuckles fought toe to toe.

At the close of the 75th round both men staggered to their corners. It was doubtful if either would be able to answer the call for the next round.

Seconds Tossed in Towel

AT the clang of the bell Sullivan got to his feet. As Kilrain was making a similar effort his seconds tossed a towel into the ring, acknowledging the defeat of their man.

A number of years ago John L. Sullivan took the final count from the Great Referee. Jake Kilrain, the man who gave him his hardest fight, is still living and happy. He has only one regret; he wishes that he had been born about 40 years later.

Recently we made the trip to Quincy to get some first-hand information from Kilrain, a close-up of one of the most famous fighters that ever lived.

Kilrain's entire career is filled with glamor and romance that makes the life of our present-day champion, Jack Dempsey, a very drab affair.

Now a Watchman

ON inquiry we learned that Kilrain is now a night watchman for the Fore River plant, which builds battleships for the United States Government.

Realizing that a man who worked all night wouldn't welcome an early caller, we made it a point to drop around to the little bungalow, where Kilrain resides, late in the afternoon.

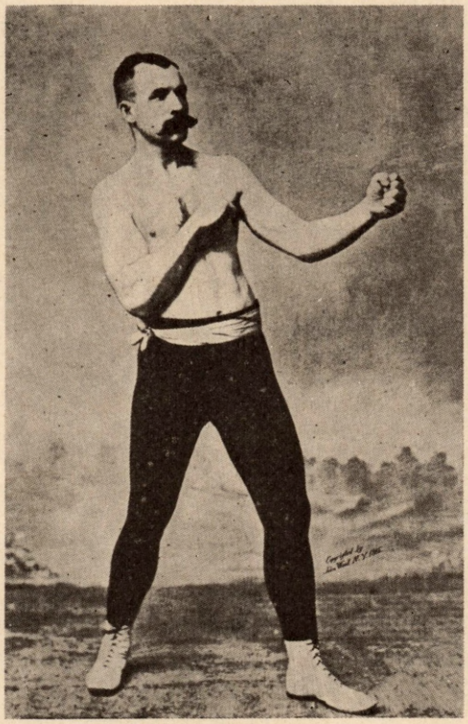
We found him sitting on the front porch. He refers to it as the piazza. He was busy playing with his two grandchildren when we introduced ourselves and made known our mission.

"Glad to know you. Sit right down. Make yourself comfortable," was his greeting.

Old Jake said it as if he meant it and the grip of his hand made me positive of the fact. We know now why Sullivan says Kilrain gave him his toughest battle.

Has Firm Handclasp

AS he released our hands, we stretched the fingers several times and after the numbness had disappeared, made a count of the digits and was pleased to find



Jake Kilrain, as he was when he fought Sullivan

the total of five.

Quincy gave to our country John Quincy Adams, second president of the United States, but the town folks of historic Quincy seem to take more pride out of the fact that Jake Kilrain is one of them.

Kilrain's great frame has lasted well but the legs that carried him through so many gruelling battles are beginning to fail him.

"If I had a good pair of legs I could whip a lot of the dubs that are getting big money nowadays for posing as fighters."

With the exception of a pair of cauliflower ears, Kilrain carries few scars to bear mute witness to his many bare knuckles battles.

His hair is thinned and white as snow. His eyes are clear and there is still a snap to them, a tribute to good living. His voice is husky but strong.

Touchy on Age

"HOW old are you, Mr. Kilrain?" we asked. Later we learned that he was more touchy on this point than a cranky old maid. Getting no response we remarked:

"You must be all of 60."

"Thereabouts." It was a sort of a growl and made it evident that the grand old man of the prize ring had no desire to discuss his age.

From one of his old cronies, I afterwards learned that Kilrain was just 66 years of age. He was born in Greenport, Columbia, N. Y., February 9, 1859.

"Don't overeat and live the outdoor life as much as possible," is Kilrain's only prescription for long life and good health.

He practices what he preaches. He takes a daily hike regardless of the weather. Mrs. Kilrain, looking far younger than her famous husband, usually accompanies him.

Pals of Grandchildren

AROUND the home, his two grandchildren, Cecil and Jack, sons of Jake's son, William, are his constant companions.

"They are the greatest sparring partners I ever had," said Kilrain. "A round or two a day with them keeps me fit. They never seem to tire."

Here's some inside stuff. No yarn would be complete without it. Kilrain's real name is John Joseph Killion. His parents did not approve of fighting and he adopted a somewhat similar name to hide his identity. It stuck to him through his entire career.

When a Dollar Looked Like a Million—Days of Former Ring Champions Recalled

By TIM McGRATH

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"MICKEY WALKER refuses to accept $30,000 for a fight with Tommy Milligan." This was the headline in a San Francisco story a few weeks ago.

Thirty thousand dollars! My, what a sum for a welterweight champion to receive to box fifteen rounds with an opponent!

Think of it! Thirty thousand dollars refused by a boxer for less than an hour's work!

The above headline recalled to the writer many instances in his days as a manager, second and promoter, in which some of the world's most famous boxers fought for a mere pittance. Sharkey, Corbett, Peter Maher, Frank Slavin, Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, George Dixon, Kid McCoy, Jake Kilrain, Joe Choynski, Gus Ruhlin—I could name enough of the old school to fill several pages, who would jump at the mere mention of such figures for a contest, and they would ask no questions regarding the weights or the referee. How times have changed!

Speaking of big purses, brings to mind a statement published recently in an Eastern paper to the effect that Bob Fitzsimmons, when he first came to America, landed in New York and that he was pretty well fixed as regards finances. This is incorrect. For the benefit of Ring readers, and for historical purposes, it is well to record that Bob Fitzsimmons landed in San Francisco when he first came from Australia, and he was so flat broke, he scarcely had enough in his pocket to buy himself his first meal in Uncle Sam's domain.

He was so hard up financially that he went to Barney Farley's place in San Francisco, and there he lived until he obtained some work and some funds. Bob, eager to have a picture taken for publicity purposes, found himself in a dilemma, for he didn't have enough money to hire a dress suit. He borrowed Farley's. On this page, is a photograph of Fitzsimmons showing him in the suit and hat he borrowed from Barney. Bob obtained them for a few hours in order that he might pose before the cameraman in fine togs. Fitz was not the only former champion who found himself in financial distress during his early fighting days.

SHORTLY after Jack Dempsey whipped Jess Willard and became champion. I was his guest one evening at Hollywood.

Jack was feeling very jovial, and, during the course of our conversation, I remarked that it wouldn't be long before he would be rolling in wealth.

"Yes," he laughed, "and it wasn't so long ago that I was eating raw turnips because I didn't have the price of a meal."

I asked him if it was really true that he had been a hobo.

"Yes, Tim," he replied, "I rode the brake-beams many a time. And many a time, too, did I knock over some farmer's chicken with a rock to make Mulligan stew."

When Jim Corbett was in San Francisco several months ago I mentioned this to him—that Dempsey had told me he was a hobo in his younger days.

"Well," said Corbett, "I was never a hobo. But I'll tell you one thing. When I was going to fight Dave Campbell in Portland I didn't have enough money to pay my railroad fare from San Francisco, and I had to make a borrow from a friend in the Olympic Club."

"REDDY" Gallagher of Denver told me once about Jack Johnson fighting at his club for a purse of $10.

Johnson, then a tall, gangly negro, had just come out of Texas, and Gallagher was running the Colorado Athletic Club.

One night a young negro who said his name was "Jack Johnson" came to "Reddy" and said:

"Mistah Gallagher, I's a fightah and Ah wants to fight at yo' club."

"Who do you want to fight?" asked "Reddy."

"Ah don't care who Ah fight," said the negro, "Ah's busted and Ah'd fight Bob Fitzsimmons for $20."

Fitzsimmons then was the world's champion.

"Well," said "Reddy," "I can't get you Fitzsimmons; but I'll pick some other man and give you $10—if you win."

So the match, a preliminary of six rounds, was made, and Johnson won.

Eddie Hanlon, Kid McFadden, Bobby Johnson and all the other local fighters who trained at Sam Pruitt's when they first started boxing, will tell you that Johnson used to ask them for a quarter, and even for 10 cents, to buy coffee and doughnuts.

WHEN John L. Sullivan was champion he used to ride up the street in a hack and throw out handfuls of money for the kids to scramble for.

I've seen him at the old Baldwin Hotel call up a dozen friends to drink, throw a 50-dollar bill on the bar, and tell the bartender to keep the change.

Yet he told me in New York one time, years after he'd lost the championship, that he'd seen the time when one of the handfuls of dimes and nickels he threw in the street would have seemed like a fortune to him.

I recall another time that I went to lunch with Stanley Ketchel. He took me in his big machine and he ordered the thickest steaks and everything that was best in the house.

When the steak was placed before him he laughed and said: "I've seen the day when I would go to jail for a steak like this.

"I've spent 15 cents for coffee and doughnuts and saved the 10 cents change to buy lunch with."

The champions you read of haven't always had money—not by a long shot.

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Patsy Haley's Hardest Fight

Famous Referee Declares Battle with Terry McGovern Was Most Gruelling Struggle

By PATSY HALEY

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A REAL, hard fight, the way I look at it, is one which a boxer enters into in the very best condition. and which he either wins or loses after a long, gruelling struggle. In bouts like these he has no excuse to offer, and needs none. There is no wail of, "I wasn't in good shape," or, "I was beaten because I didn't train."

My fight with Terry McGovern in March, 1899, at the old Lenox Sporting Club was my toughest ring battle. Never before had I trained so faithfully as I did for Terrible Terry, and never before had I been in such superb trim. Yet he knocked me out in the eighteenth round after dropping me for a long count in the fourth. In between those two high-lights I am satisfied that I held my own with the great Brooklyn battler. But what a time McGovern gave me!

This match was consummated between Sam Harris, Terry's manager, and myself after a wrangle over a pound which lasted for three months. Harris had seen me lick Charley Kelly at the Polo Athletic Club one night and offered me a bout with McGovern. He wanted us to fight at 115 pounds. I held out for 116, my best fighting weight, but Harris wouldn't agree to my demand.

So I hied myself out West, fighting here and there, until I heard that McGovern was getting ready to fight Pedlar Palmer, the English featherweight. I immediately began writing to the New York papers, demanding a bout with McGovern before he took on the foreigner. As a result of the ballyhoo I started, Terrible Terry agreed to fight me at 116 pounds.

McGovern a Wonder

MCGOVERN was a wonderful fighter —that goes without saying. But I never realized what a hitter he was until I faced him in the ring that night. No one could stand and trade punches with him but Young Corbett, because he could hit as hard as and take even more than Terry himself.

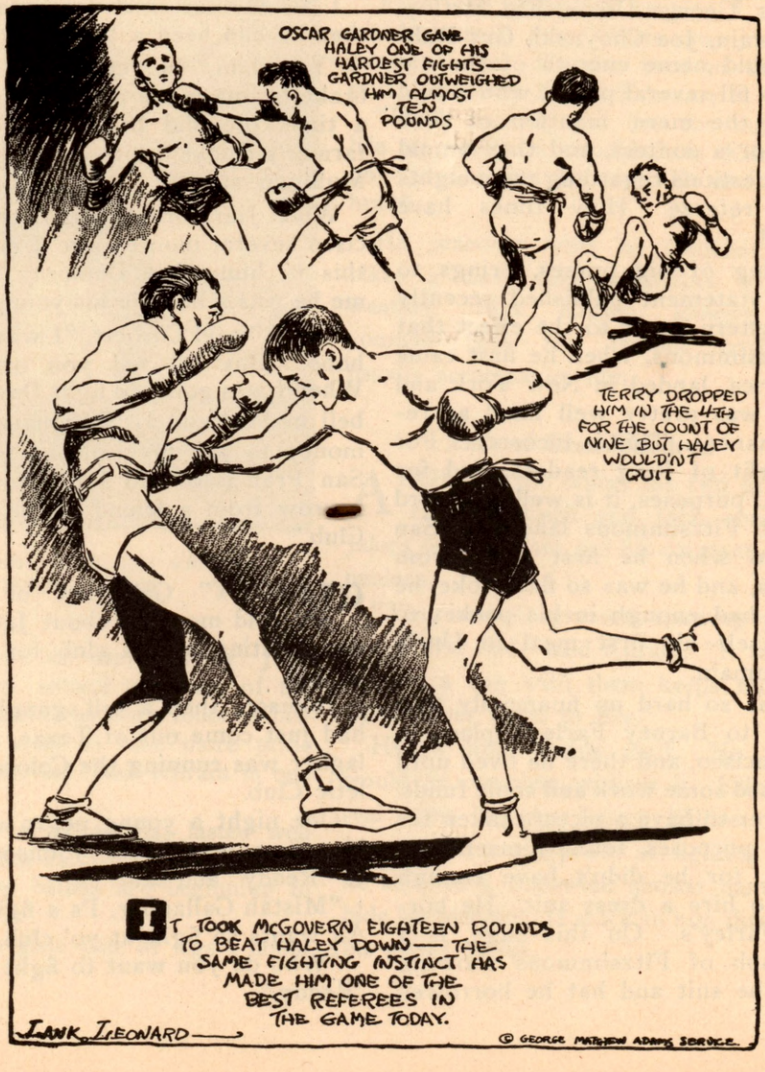
In the fourth round McGovern caught me flush on the chin with a right hand blow. It dropped me like a log, and Terry rushed in and tried to pick me up. It looked good to the gallery, perhaps, but my head was clear enough to get the idea of McGovern's "kindness." He wanted to get me to my feet as quickly as possible, without the benefit of a long count, and then clout me again for keeps. I mumbled to him to keep away from me as I lay on the canvas, and with the benefit of the intervention of Referee Charley White I got a good rest. When I finally staggered to my feet the bell rang for the end of the round.

My seconds must have poured a bucket full of ice water on my head after that session, and later on their over-zealousness caused my final defeat. From the fifth round until the eighteenth, I managed to box McGovern at long range, never giving him a chance to come in close and set for his terrible body punches. Terry was always trying to crowd me into the corners, where he could go to work on me. But my youth and speed stood me in good stead. Every time my opponent got me into a tight place I would feint, and like a flash slip out of the corner where he had pinned me and get him pocketer instead.

This plan worked fine until the eighteenth stanza blew around. Terry got me into my own nook for about the twentieth time, and once more I tried to duck out. But, unfortunately, my foot slipped in the mud caused by the splashing of my ice water on the canvas at the end of the fourth round, and instead of ducking out I ducked right into a murderous right under my heart. Then Terrible Terry brought the same blow up. It caught me on the chin, and the bout was over. I was cold.

Praises Oscar Gardner

WHILE McGovern was by far the greatest fighter I ever stacked up



against, Oscar Gardner gave me a very trying session one night in 1897. I had met him in Buffalo previously and had held him to a twenty-round draw. Our first engagement had been at 120 pounds. The same weights were to prevail for our second go, too, and to that end we were to post a forfeit of $500. But when my manager neglected to put up my bond, preferring to play a nag with the money, Gardner and I agreed to fight at catch-weights. Just for the fun of it I asked Oscar to step on the scales before the bout. He refused. I am certain he tipped the beam at 127, while I weighed no more than 120—my top weight even when I didn't train very hard.

Gardner's big pull in the weights told very quickly. He was a terrific hitter when he felt strong, which he surely did at 127. I was a trifle soft and was an easy victim to his steady thumping at my mid-section. The first punch he landed on me felt as though it went right through my body. I managed to go through five rounds. In the last frame Gardner doubled me up with a body blow, crossed a right to my jaw and the lights went out as far as I was concerned.

Before the fight got under way the evening was enlivened by a little verbal tilt I had with old George Siler, the referee. I had had a run-in with him before a fight in Chicago a short while before, and as I started to explain to him the difference between straight Queensberry rules and "break clean" he roared his disapproval at me. I felt as though I didn't have a friend left in the world.

Renews Acquaintance

I RAN into Oscar a short while ago for the first time in nearly twenty years. We hardly recognized each other. Which reminds me of my two fights with Jimmy Dever, another oldtime feather. He was my opponent in the first professional fight I ever had, in Buffalo in 1893.

I was only sixteen years old at the time. A few months previously I had won an amateur featherweight tournamen at 105 pounds. I was forced into the heavier class because there was no 105-pound class. I knew little about boxing, but picked up quite a few points from Bill Daley, of Buffalo, the best boxing instructor I have ever seen in my long experience in the fight game.

I held Dever to a draw in our first meeting.

A few years later Billy Newman, who ran the Polo Athletic Club, offered me a match with the same Dever, not knowing that I had met him once before. We were to fight the semi-final to a bout between Frank Gurney and Solly Smith. I don't think Dever remembered me until he saw me swathed in a big bathrobe sitting across the ring from his corner.

I weighed 120 pounds for this bout, and, as I always did when fighting at catchweights, had wound yards of woolen bandage about my stomach to keep it from sagging, because it was a bit soft when I was so heavy. The tightening of my stomach naturally threw my chest out.

Dever Amazed

WELL, I can't describe the look of amazement on Dever's face when I removed my bathrobe that night! He evidently recalled me as a skinny kid. Yet, here I was about to fight him with a chest like a pouter pigeon's. Poor Jimmy didn't know about the woollen bandage pulling my stomach in and throwing my chest out!

He was licked before we began to fight. He just stood there in amazement and took everything I threw at him. Only I couldn't land the merciful punch on his chin. Jimmy would always turn his head away when I aimed for his jaw and almost every would-be knockout punch landed on his left ear.

It soon swelled almost as big as a fist. Finally, in the tenth, I think it was, I landed once more on his ear, now terrible to look at. It burst, and the blood spattered all over me. I began to feel sick, and instead of fighting took his arm and led him over to his corner.

The trouble with Dever was that he hadn't grown any since the first time I fought him, and therefore my development, aided by the woollen bandage, looked gigantic to him. He couldn't cease marvelling at the size of my chest.

I thought of this fight when I met old Oscar after the lapse of so many years.

BOXING IN EUROPE

(*Continued from page* 12)

by storm and secured for him several other engagements.

Charley Sauvage, who only a short time ago won the French bantamweight title from (Kid) Francis, was another recent surprise to the fans of France. He was to have met Frankie Ash of England, but the latter ran out on the engagement, and a youngster from the Descamps stable, named Andre Gleige, took the bout on at twelve hours' notice and he made a great fight against Sauvage. If the bout had been at the championship distance of 15 rounds, Gleige would have stood a fine chance of winning. Sauvage was awarded the bout on points at the end of the ten rounds.

Recently three English boxers have run out on the French promoters. Frankie had received ten pounds for expenses, and some time after the date of the fight he was to have appeared in Jeff. Dickson informed me that the money he sent had not been returned to him. Even if the English Board of Boxing Control is not affiliated with the International Boxing Union, it should at least make its representatives live up to their contracts for fights in France.

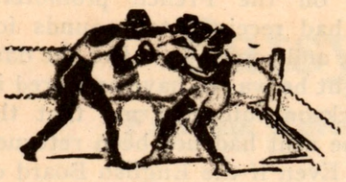
Domgoergen Not Ready

DOMGOERGEN, the German middleweight, who was being touted for a trip to the States to meet Harry Greb, fought the French middleweight Laffineur in Paris recently and although he received the decision on points in a ten round bout he made a poor showing. He would be an awful joke to meet such a fighter as Harry Greb. The German would last perhaps a round or two.

There is a great boom in the fighting game throughout Europe and some good men are bound to turn up out of the mass of competitors. The European fighters are now waking up to the fact that the American style of fighting is the kind that gets one there, and the methods used in the States that have been picked up by the European boxers who have been in the land of big money, are being followed very closely, especially in England and France.

Jack Walker, who has for several years been fighting in Europe, mostly in France, has generally been dubbed a Negro. Sometimes he has been called the "Canadian Negro" and again the "American Negro." Walker recently informed me that he was neither. He is an Italian, without Negro blood in him. The dark skinned fighter is going along in fine shape and he has shown marked improvement during the past year. He is now in the Descamps stable.

IF Johnny Dundee will come to Paris and fight Fred Bretonnel, the French welterweight whom he ran out on a little over a year ago, he can get an offer from Promoter Dickson for a fight with the Frenchman. He can get English and German engagements which would pay him fairly well.



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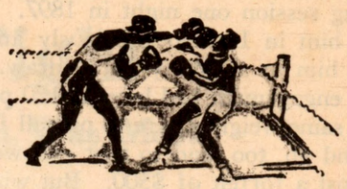


By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor

"THERE is no doubt in my mind that Jack Dempsey will engage in two fights during the year 1926," said "Tex" Rickard to us the other day. We had gone to the impresario at the New Garden in New York seeking some light on the muddled situation as regards the fistic affairs of the heavyweight champion.

"Who is going to fight Dempsey?" we countered.

"I expect that he will met Tunney and Wills," came back Richard, "but I don't know the order in which these challengers will be met. There is a demand for a Dempsey-Tunney fight. But I am not clear as to the public sentiment regarding a Dempsey-Wills bout.

"I don't want to run counter to the popular feeling. But if Dempsey and Wills meet I will promote the fight. It cannot be held anywhere but in or near New York."

In the meantime Dempsey keeps "shooting his mouth off" anywhere and everywhere. He talks about a fight with Wills one day and the next day says that Tunney is the logical contender. Jack's job right now is to keep talking and building the camouflage for a lot of political moves which screen a fight between Rickard and other promoters, notably Paddy Harmon of Chicago.

Dempsey stands by ready to take the money no matter from where it comes. The public stands by grinning and refusing to swallow any more bait. The thing has reached the stage of utter foolishness. There has been so much crying "Wolf, Wolf," that if the thing ever does materialize the promoters will be greeted with guffaws of doubt.

* * * *

Rickard Defies New York Body

TEX RICKARD defying the New York Commission and that board's quick accepting of the defi, proved that a boxing war may be on.

New York will be the battleground, but the effect will be national.

The New York Commission has decreed that Dempsey must meet Wills first and in a decision bout before engaging in any other contest.

Rickard has refused to deny to the commission that in direct violation of the edict of the commission he was attempting to match Dempsey with Tunney. He would not talk of either boxer.

Why does Rickard with his great Madison Square Garden, New York, interests, apparently choose to flaunt New York authorities and ally himself with the Hague group in New Jersey.

Is the promotion of a Dempsey-Tunney fight in New Jersey, even with the hundred thousand dollars Rickard personally might make, worth courting that break?

No, not in itself. But as a means to accomplish other and greater ends Rickard apparently thinks it is. What are these ends?

You will have to turn to Chicago for them. Chicago is forcing Rickard's hand. Many apparently are overlooking that. Chicago is the crux of the situation.

* * * *

The Chicago End of It

PADDY HARMON, well backed financially and politically, plans to erect a huge, enclosed coliseum in Chicago, costing $8,000,000 and seating 60,000 persons. He plans to stage indoor football, fighting, hockey, tennis and other sports on an unprecedented scale.

Part of Harmon's scheme is to stage a Dempsey-Wills fight in Chicago. A Dempsey-Wills fight, two Dempsey fights, in fact, enter into Harmon's scheme of financing his stadium.

If Harmon's plan becomes a reality, if he erects his arena and gets the Dempsey fights, Rickard will have to play second fiddle. Chicago will get all the choice sporting plums. New York will have to be satisfied with the leavings.

Therefore, it can be seen that there is a duel to the death on between Rickard and Harmon.

To beat Harmon, to block Chicago plans, Rickard apparently figures he must land a Dempsey match himself, even if he temporarily has to break with the New York Commission and suspend boxing in the Garden.

* * * *

The Lonsdale Belts

JAMES A. FARLEY of the New York State Athletic Commission has acknowledged that the British Board of Boxing Control had written the New York State Athletic Commission to get the Commission's views on the suggestion that Earl Lonsdale donate a set of belts emblematic of the world's boxing championships and to try to bring about an alliance among the various boxing associations of the world which would compel all world's champions to defend their titles at least once every six months or forfeit their championships.

Farley has declined to state what the Commission's attitude on the proposition would be. He said that the matter so far only was in the early stage of correspondence and that it would take several weeks before all details and facts could be obtained and the Commission make a decision.

It is up to the State Athletic Commission and all boxing bodies throughout the world to get behind the Lonsdale proposition.

It is the only way in which world's ring champions can be compelled to give worthy contenders a sporting chance at their crowns.

* * * *

Rickard's Rankings Approved

From all sections of the country, and from overseas as well, has come approval of the 1925 boxing rankings by "Tex" Rickard, which appeared in THE RING last month. As may be expected in any discussion in sport, the ranking received its "razzberries" too, but these were negligible as compared with the volume of bouquets which were wafted in the direction of the New York promoter.

It will be recollected that Rickard passed up both Rocky Kansas and Charley Phil Rosenberg, champions, in rating their classes. "Tex" picked Sammy Mandell as the best lightweight and "Chick" Suggs as the ranking bantamweight. As Rickard explained that his selections were based on work done in 1925—AND ON THAT ALONE—there was every reason for his snubbing both Kansas and Rosenberg.

Taken all in all, the list, which was reviewed by every boxing writer in this country, was about as fine a piece of work as anything of that character may be. No man can please everybody, no matter what the subject and we feel that Rickard did himself proud in handling so debatable a proposition in so masterly a way.

The Rickard rankings were instituted last year in THE RING and they will be featured in this magazine annually.

(*Continued on page* 21)

Boxing in Italy—An Antiquity

ONE of our readers, Ralph Henderson of Knoxville, Tenn., inquires whether boxing is new sport in Italy. His inquiry arises from the fact that several Italian pugilists have arrived here recently in quest of American dollars. In his letter he asks whether boxing in Italy followed the World War or whether it was in the field of athletic activities previously.

The publisher of this magazine, who is a collector of sport books and old English colored sports prints, has found references to boxing in Italy which indicates that the sport was introduced in that land some time between 1725 and 1730. The exact date cannot be ascertained.

Although ancient Roman and Greek history have some references to the use of the fists in relation to the bodily development of the individuals, especially in preparation of the youth for the defense of the land, boxing, as it was known in the early English period, was an unknown quantity in Italy until about ten years after James Figg's rise to fame.

The following extract appears in one of the London publications in 1735:

"In 1733 Signor Tito Alberto Di Carni of Italy went down to defeat at the hands of Tom Whitiker. This bout, which took place in London, was seen by the King of England and a whole entourrage of coffee house fops in white powdered wigs and brilliant red-laced, cuffed jackets with slim rapiers dangling

FROM the above it will be seen that the writer of this item placed the rise of boxing in Italy around the year 1730 and also that he records the fact that the first world's Heavyweight championship bout took place in 1733. From the above it is apparent that boxing must have flourished in Italy in this period, otherwise it is difficult to conceive how a fighter could be developed in Italy to take part in an international championship.

"Boxing in Italy began to make its appearance in the crudest form between 1728 and 1732," is the wording of an item appearing in one of Pierce Egan's stories in the Anecdotes of Sports.

"In 1731, Signor Tito Alberto Di Carni, the only boxer of note in the 18th century, knocked out three opponents in one ring, one after the other." The Earl of Bathe, who was in Venice at the time, writing from Venice to Jack Broughton, inventor of the first set of boxing rules, remarked:

"I saw a wonderfully built Italian, Tito Alberto Di Carni, perform a great feat here a few days ago, when he knocked three adversaries, out, one after the other, in an exhibition of boxing."

This again indicates that boxing was founded in Italy some time between 1725 and 1730.

"A form of sport which combined boxing and wrestling is being fostered in certain hamlets in Italy," is the statement of a traveler who reported his observations to the editor of Sporting Magazine, published by J. Wheble, in London in 1793.

Still another reference to the boxing in Italy was found by the publisher of THE RING in Pierce Egan's Sporting Anecdotes printed in 1807 under the caption, "Pugilism in Italy." The following extract gives an idea of the extent to which boxing was practiced in Italy and what a rough and tumble sport it was:

"It appears, in a publication called "Letters from Italy," that the art of pugilism is among the games of that country, and that our great sport is taking a firm hold upon the Italians in certain localities. Boxing, in different forms, is now common all over Tuscany, but is reduced to least perfection in the capital. There, to recur to poetry for our assistance:

Their hands fair knocks or foul in fury rain,
And in this tempest of bye-blows and bruises,
Not a stray fisty-cuff descends in vain,
But blood from eyes, and mouth and nostrils oozes;
Nor stop they there, but in their frenzy pull at
Whatever comes to hand—hair, nose or gullet.
(Translation of Battuchi.)

"If a man finds himself overmatched at this foul play, he usually shouts 'In Soccorso,' and by the aid of one or more of his friends to rush into the melee, he immediately turns the tables on his adversary. The loser then finds it necessary to shout for help, and upon his cry of 'In Soccorso,' his friends in turn come to the rescue.

"The combat, therefore, thickens with almost each move of the rivals till the streets resemble the appearance of a Donnybrook. Such is the difference between the English way of boxing and the Italian.

"At Sienne the art puts on a more scientific form. In this city regular academies have been established, following the plan of those in England, and regular pugilistic exercises are taught. There is a special code for the regulation of boxing matches, a certain time allotted for the resurrection of a fallen battler, and, in short, the bouts assume all the distinguishing with what may be called courteous weapons, that is, with the baton in their hands."

So it is apparent that boxing isn't new in Italy, after all.

AS WE SEE IT

(*Continued from page* 20)

Milligan Another Victim

It seems that a foreign boxing champion just cannot get his just dues these days in a New York ring. The New York public is more than fair. As is so well demonstrated in major league baseball, the New York sporting devotees go out of their way to give at least an even break to the visitor within their gates.

But the New York boxing judges seem to be "goofy" when it comes to passing on the merits of a foreign performer. The case of Lucien Vinez, the French lightweight champion, who beat Charley Rosen and yet could not get the decision, roused the onlookers and the writers. The Boxing Commission then took steps to obviate such mistakes.

Then came the decision in favor of Mike McTigue over Tiger Flowers. That did not involve a foreign boxer—but it made a great stir. The boys in New York are talking about that decesion yet.

The climax was capped when the judges in the new Garden recently gave Jack Zivic the decision over Tommy Milligan, the Irish Scot who holds the European welterweight and middleweight championships. Milligan was entitled to the verdict. There was the faintest chance that Zivic worked into a debatable draw in his great finish. But Milligan certainly was not beaten.

* * * *

Milligan Not Ready for Walker

There is no doubt that had Milligan faced Walker and a chance for the world's laurels the Scot would have been buoyed up by a psychology that would have made his efforts more illustrious. But with all that, the Milligan who fought Zivic would have been no match for Walker. Mickey is not as great a fighter as he was two years ago but he is great enough to beat boxers of the Milligan type with a lot to spare.

The Scot is clever after a fashion. He is game and he is willing. But he is no hitter. He would not be able to box with Walker and he would not be able to slug with him.

Fighting Fools—Joe Grim—

By BILL WATHEY

THE insatiable appetite for gore as displayed by every fight crowd, probably is responsible for the Joe Grims of the ring. That may explain, too, why numerous mediocre battlers have gained fame, for boxing history is filled with men who have been recognized only for their powers of punishment assimilation. "He couldn't fight but he could take it," is almost as heroizing as a championship in the eyes of the onlookers.

Probably the most colorful of these courageous combatants was the man from whom all derive their nicknames. The original Joe Grim was a Philadelphia product, short and stocky of build, weighing a trifle heavier than a middleweight, but much less than recognized heavyweights. We have searched the records without finding a victory after his name but he fought many times and was knocked out only once.

"The man with the iron jaw," was the pugilistic nom de ring applied to Grim before he finally succumbed to his beatings.

None can say that Grim was unwilling or fearful. It mattered not to him who the promoters rushed into the ring against him. They could be heavyweights of enormous girth or lightweights of Joe Gans ability and the Philadelphia Italian was perfectly agreeable to the beating in store for him.

He was sublimely certain of himself and never acknowledged that there could be a man able to defeat him. He was knocked down so often in many of his fights that even the onlookers lost track but Grim donned his street clothes immediately thereafter boasting that he was unhurt and glorying egoistically of victory—unearned and unacclaimed excepting by himself.

That Grim fought Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Joe Wolcott, Joe Gans and many others of the leading lights of his time, attests to his courage. Fitz was a bit beyond his best days when he offered to take the measure of Grim, who was nationally acclaimed as the man who could not be knocked out.

"I'll stop him," said Fitz one night in Philadelphia, and thereon the match was made. It was scheduled for six rounds with Grim to receive the lion's share of the purse provided he was on his feet at the end of the sixth.

Fitz weighed well over 180 pounds while the Italian tipped the beam at about 165. For the first two rounds Grim ran as hard as he could, evidently decided that he was going to last the six rounds if running would do the trick. Finally in the third, Fitz uncovered his then famous shift and a left to the body sent Grim sprawling on the floor, but only for the count of two.

The running defense was thrust aside by Grim and he let fly two vicious swings, both of which connected on the head of Fitzsimmons. Then the fight was on for fair. Encouraged by his ability to hit Fitz, Grim sailed in and exchanged punches with the man who up to that time and even now is considered the greatest and hardest hitter of the ring.

Grim was floored five times in the fifth round and sprawled on the canvas six times in the sixth but he landed the final blow of the six round encounter, a terrific right swing to the head, as the bell rang, ending the affair.

The fight with Fitz enhanced the reputation of Grim's assimilating powers to such a degree he was nationally sought after. "Who can knock him out?" the fans wanted to know.

Baltimore promoters scented a full house with Joe Gans pitted against the wild but willing Italian. Gans then was without doubt the ring's most

(*Continued on page 26*)

Sullivan and McGovern, Magic Names In America's Brilliant Ring History

By A. D. PHILLIPS

OLD-TIMERS, almost without exception, go on record as saying that John L. Sullivan was the greatest fighter of them all, and invariably make their assertion without any qualifications. Not so, however, with Billy Madden, one of the greatest of the old school of fight managers, the man who handled the affairs of the Boston boy and also was credited with teaching the millionaires of New York how to box.

Madden, just before his death, was asked whether in his opinion there ever was a heavyweight who compared with John L. Sullivan, and he promptly replied: "No. I think he was the greatest fighter that ever lived."

Hesitating a moment, the thoughtful, good natured Madden suddenly qualified his statement with the remark:

"But he was good only once. That was the day he beat Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City and won the title."

Pressed for a reason why he figured John L. a good fighter only on one occasion, Madden replied:

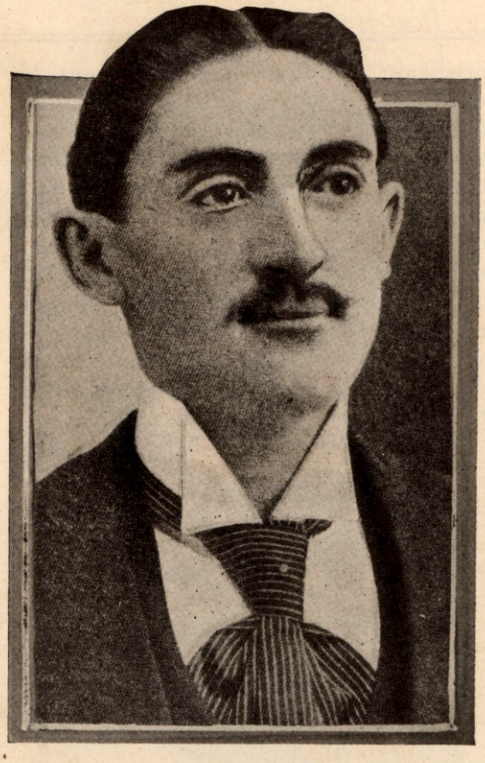
Peak at Twenty-Four

"SULLIVAN was a wonder man then. He had just turned the age of twenty-four, was a marvelously grown young fellow, had the strength of a lion, was keen-eyed, quick of thought and full of pep. Up to this fight Sullivan never had touched a drop of liquor. He was an ideal athlete, the kind one could feel mighty proud to know. He didn't chew, drink or smoke, and to his fine living I attribute his wonderful strength. He was a marvelous boxer and as quick on his feet as Ty Cobb.

"But, unfortunately, his head was turned by his victory over Ryan. He started out to lick John Barleycorn, and you know the rest. Like a horde of other famous men, he lost. He could have licked all the Jeffries, Johnsons or Dempseys in the world on the day he beat Ryan; in fact, I think he could have beaten one after the other. But that day was the only one, in my opinion, on which John L. was really good. Thereafter he was just fortunate enough to whip his rivals, but he never was the John L. I knew on his twenty-fourth birthday, the year he conquered Ryan."

When McGovern Lost

SAM HARRIS, former manager of Terry McGovern and now a big figure



Sam Harris.

in the theatrical world, recently felt in a reminiscent mood, and during the course of a conversation regarding the ability of Terry McGovern recounted the wild time had by himself and Joe Humphries, when they handled the affairs of the great McGovern, when Terry clashed with Young Corbett on the Coast in their second battle.

"The contest was a great surprise to Terry and his friends," remarked Sam, "for we all felt McGovern would vanquish his erstwhile conqueror. It was in the old Mechanics' Pavilion, March 3, 1903, that Terry really ended his great career, for it was on that day that McGovern lost heart and thereafter never again was the Terry of old.

Terry Was Fooled

"IT was in the eleventh round that Corbett fooled Terry into believing he was all in, and McGovern, eager to finish his man, leaped right into the fire. Bing, bang, biff, and the lights went out.

"Terry sure did get it. I cut loose with a yell that the count was short, but Young Corbett, as cool as a cucumber, answered:

" 'Why, that slob is out yet.'

"Terry had to be carried to his corner and from there he was brought to his room, where we tried to put him on a cot, but poor Terry wouldn't stand for it. He kept on crying, 'I'm just a bum now, Sam, just a bum. I can lick that fellow even now. Let me get at him.'

None Like 'Em

" 'HE'S licked you, Terry,' I replied, in an effort to calm him, 'and he beat you every way from the start. You just let yourself play into his hands and he got you by making you fall for his stuff. You thought he was all in, but he just made you look silly by talking to you and getting your goat.'

"When we thought we had him quieted we took him to Corbett's room to have them shake hands, but Terry immediately broke loose and wanted to convince all hands he was Rothwell's master. Young Corbett's father, Humphries and I stepped in between the pair of fighting gamecocks and probably saved Terry from another beating.

"You can say what you want about the present day fighters, but let me tell you there are few who could fight like Terry and Young Corbett."

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pike Webb, Olympic and Annapolis Boxing Coach, D ıscusses Brain Work in Competition—Sixth of a Series of Interviews with World Famous Sportsmen—

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By NAT FLEISCHER

NEW things are continually happening in a boxing contest, says Spike Webb. Almost any "boob" can take care of himself if only the expected occurs. The men who get to the top are the ones who can handle the situation when the unexpected is constantly occurring. Here the boxing game trains its devotee for the battle of life. A boxer's brain must function quickly and accurately. No time to lose. No mistakes to be made. An error of an inch may mean a knockout and oblivion.

Study your opponent's mental make-up. Watch his actions before the bout. Study his face. Many a fight has been won before entering the ring. Frankie Burns, the Oakland crackerjack, could whip men, who in turn, could whip Harlem Tommy Murphy. But Murphy used to have Burns crying before the bout and he was easy pickings for the Harlemite. Benny Leonard talked Lew Tendler out of a possible victory over New York way, several years ago. Young Corbett talked Terry McGovern out of a world's championship.

As a man is in his mind, so is he. If Fred Fulton thought he could be champion, he probably would be, but Frederick wins or loses when he sizes up his opponent. Study your man and impress him with the fact that you think you have his number right from the jump. You may talk him into this belief and you may make him respect you by completely ignoring him. Composure for a boxing contest is quite as important as facial expression—or lack of it—in a poker game. It's the contest of a man to man, that has come down from the days of hairy savages. It involves all a man has, his physical and his mental make-up.

Don't Get Excited

WHEN your opponent is groggy don't get excited, for this is the time to box with care and precision, sending finishing blows to vital parts. Also be sure your opponent is as groggy as he would lead you to believe. Leach Cross used to roll along the ropes, eyes aglare, arms wearily dangling. It was dangerous business to rush Leach wide open about that time. He proved time and again that he was the most wide awake groggy man in the world. His grogginess was, at times, excellent play acting. Always keep cool, whether the going is against you or for you.

Try to keep from betraying any sign of your own physical condition. Some boxers, in endeavoring to hide the fact that they have been hurt, deliberately overdo the thing and betray the fact that they are camouflaging. When you are hurt, try to act natural like you would ordinarily carry yourself if you had not been hurt. The boxer who can take punishment without surrendering morally to his opponent is showing ring generalship in keeping with the highest traditions of physical combat. A man is never really beaten until his heart says so! Ask me the first requirement of a successful boxer and I'll answer "A heart!"

"Spike" Webb

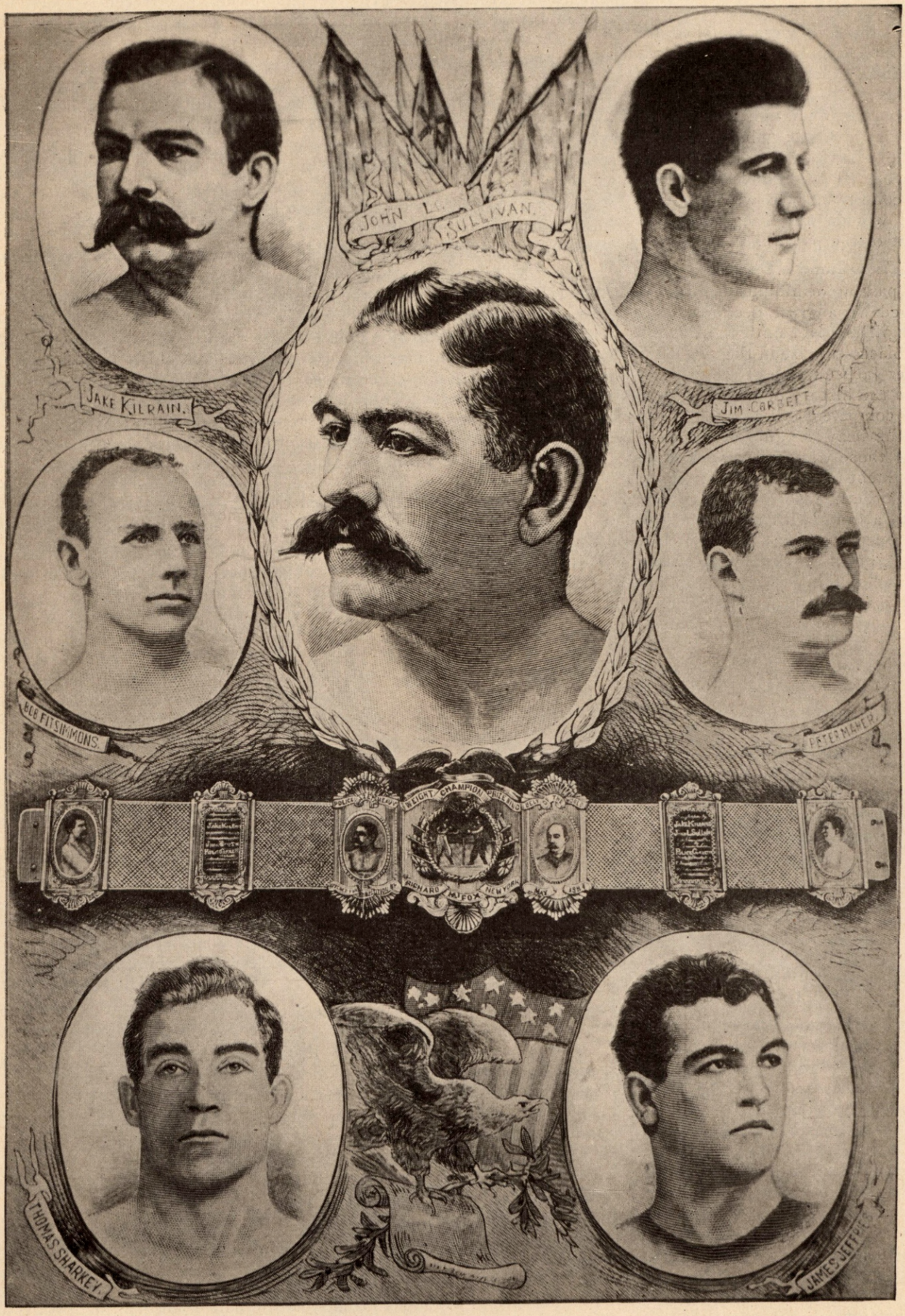
You can build most anything on gameness. It is the prime essential, the precious jewel of the prize ring as well as in the every day battle of life. The real boxers of the ring's history have been the men who "liked the game." Men with the fighting heart, who loved the thrill of combat, the swapping of punches, the elation of making an opponent miss, the cheer of the crowd applauding skill, cleverness, gameness—once again gameness!

As to the Fighting Heart

MEN without a fighting heart have gone far in the boxing game. Jess Willard became a champion and Jess did not like to fight. Not that Willard was not game. He proved the contrary against Dempsey. But he was in the game as a business venture and because he had size and bulk to make it pan out.

George Chaney, one of the greatest, gamest boxers ever developed, never did like the fight game. It was business with Chaney. He liked to win for the income it gave him. George disliked boxing and even hates the smell of the gloves. Half-heartedness and lack of willingness have no place in the boxing game. Of course, a fighting heart without anything to go with it won't get you by. A cripple might have the heart to fight Jack Dempsey and to no avail. But the best of them must have the heart and the very best are the ones who like to fight. It's a primitive inheritance, the lust of battle, the joy of taking a chance in physical combat.

Fighters, Every One of Them!



In the above group are seven of the greatest fighters of the last thirty years—Jake Kilrain, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, John L. Sullivan, Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, and James J. Jeffries. What memories of great battles these names recall!

From the Black to Wills

(*Continued from page* 11)

with Molineaux. The negro beat Burrows and Molineaux claimed the championship of the world.

This brought Cribb out of retirement and the two were matched for a battle on December 18, 1810, for a purse of £500, which was a lot of money in those days.

Molineaux lost the fight and he lost a second battle with Cribb. The negro stood about five feet eight inches in height, weighed 200 pounds, and never was in condition. He was too fond of wine, women and song and soon faded out of the picture.

Then Came a Decline

THE passing of Molineaux was followed by a great decline among negro pugilists. Not until the '80s did another black star rise in the ring. He was Peter Jackson, one of the greatest boxers in the history of the sport, and by many competent critics rated as the best of the heavyweights of all time.

Among those who are competent to pass judgment on the class of Jackson is Jim Corbett, who went sixty-one rounds to a draw with the big negro. This happened after Jackson had passed his peak. Jackson had beaten Frank Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk, for the championship of Great Britain and continually hurled defis at John L. Sullivan. But the American titleholder, who had drawn the color line against Godfrey, another persistent black challenger, would not meet Jackson.

Incidentally, it was Jackson who helped to clear up the world championship muddle. Sullivan was hailed on this side as the best heavyweight in the world, and no doubt he was. However, as John L. declined to fight Jackson, the official champion of Great Britain, Sullivan had no clear title to the world's crown. As a result, Corbett, who knocked out Sullivan, also could not claim the world's championship. Nor could Bob Fitzsimmons, who stopped Corbett.

Jeffries Stopped Jackson

THE first heavyweight with a clear right to the world's title was Jim Jeffries. He gained it by knocking out a decrepit Peter Jackson in four rounds in San Francisco.

After Jackson as the standard bearer of the negro in the ring came George Dixon, batamweight and then featherweight champion. From 1890, when he claimed the bantam honors, until 1900, when Terry McGovern knocked him out in eight rounds for the featherweight laurels, Dixon was a world sensation. In 1900 Little Chocolate died in Boston—down and out, forgotten, as he fought in vain against the ravages of tuberculosis.

Then there was Joe Walcott, a physical freak. Joe stood only five feet one in his socks, but he had a torso like a heavyweight and he met them all, from welterweights to heavyweights. He never scaled at more than 150 pounds, but this West Indian negro, who rightly was called the Giant Killer, feared no man.

After years of success in the ring Walcott got into an altercation at a negro dance and was shot in the head. That ended his career. He is a stevedore up in Boston now.

Sad Fate of Gans

THE saddest chapter in the history of the negro in boxing must be written about Joe Gans, the Old Marster, who held the lightweight title for many years and finally succumbed to the ravages of disease. To many Gans still stands as the beau ideal of boxing—the cleverest machine that ever feinted an opponent into a knot.

Since Gans' day we have had Jack Johnson, one of the best heavyweights who ever held the title, and a marvel at defensive fighting; Sam Langford, who only recently was saved from blindness after an illustrious career; Joe Jeannette, who is a referee over in New Jersey; Sam McVey, who has passed on; Jeff Clark, Bill Tate, Kid Norfolk—and now Harry Wills.

Wills may be no Jackson. He may be no Johnson. But with all that he undoubtedly is the best heavyweight contender, and if Dempsey fights again he must fight Wills. Jack never has drawn the color line. He hasn't an excuse in the world for dodging Wills, and if he persists the inference will be that Dempsey is afraid of the Black Panther.

After Wills, who? Is the negro to disappear as a heavyweight contender just as he disappeared until Jackson stepped on the scene? There is no dodging the fact that the negro is languishing as a pugilistic factor in the heavier classes.

FIGHTING FOOLS—JOE GRIM

(*Continued from page* 22)

scientific exponent as well as a hitter of tremendous power. Gans readily agreed to meet Grim and confidently told friends that a bet against Grim's lasting six rounds would be collectable.

Just three months after Fitz had failed to dent Grim he went against Gans. That was on the evening of January 23, 1904. That fight is memorable to Baltimore old-timers. Gans hit Grim with everything except the ring posts but had to be content with scoring a dozen knockdowns but nary a knockout. Grim was on his feet smiling and winking at the crowd as the affair ended.

In October of that same year Baltimore boosters of Gans begged for another mixup of Gans and Grim. This time the fight was scheduled for ten rounds and the Maryland fruit crop was wagered that Gans would have the Italian on his back unconscious before the end of the battle.

The house was sold out several days before the two met. On this occasion Gans started in most systematically to batter his opponent into submission. He realized that body punches were of no avail and that he would have to rip and tear his way through the coverings of Grim's jaws if he was to knock him out. Gans weighed 138 and was at his physical best. Grim seemed to be twenty-five pounds heavier, although he did not weigh in.

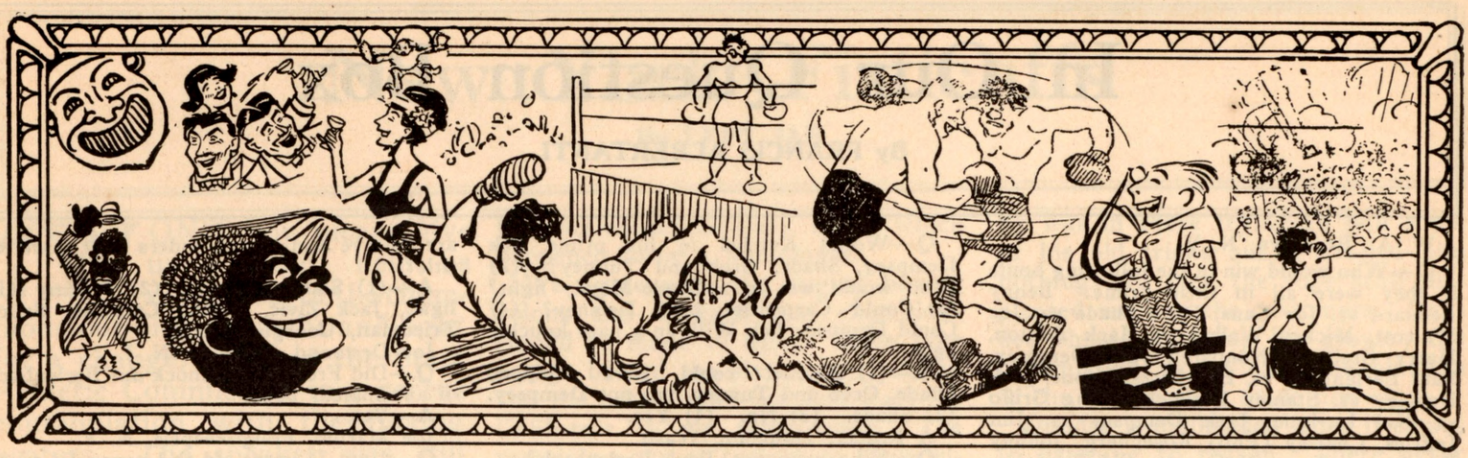
For the first few rounds Gans stood almost in the centre of the ring and ducked the swings of Grim, landing short, hard hooks to the head in every counter. It was not until the fifth round that Grim went down. A solid right to the jaw upset him but he was up instantly. Gans, buoyed by this early advantage, seemed to loosen greater power and thereafter he smothered the Italian with furious blows.

Grim was covered with blood from his cut and bruised face but fought back as if unhurt. Twelve times he was knocked down up to the last round, the tenth, but he came from his corner of the ring for that final session, his sickly smile contorting his features, and his courage unabated.

Gans slammed to the face again and the blood spurted anew. Grim was a terrible sight to behold. The chief of police of Baltimore, had a ringside seat. He became nauseated and ordered the fight stopped.

Grim and Gans both protested vigorously but the fight was stopped.

Jack Johnson, in the heydey of his power, young and powerful, was the next celebrity to try to stop Grim. He met the Italian in Philadelphia, July 25, 1905, and managed to slam Grim to the floor twelve times in six rounds but although Grim was on his back taking the count when the final bell sounded, Johnson got no more credit than did his illustrious predecessors.



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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Some Consolation

UP at the Fairmont Club several years ago, Billy Gibson had two kids on in a preliminary who were to settle a grudge affair. One was short and the other, with the monicker, "Kiss the Canvas Mat," was long. The short guy was a terrible hick. He received a bad beating in the first two rounds and was ready to quit.

In the middle of the third round, he kept nodding to his seconds to throw up the buckets, sponge or bottle. At the close of the session, sore and bleeding, he returned to his corner. A nut in the gallery pipes: "GIVE HIM SOME AIR."

So his seconds unloosened his belt. The next round was terrific. The long guy let go with everything he had. The short guy looked at his corner again and yelled, "I'm getting sick, Joe."

The guy in the gallery then chirped out: "CHEER UP, kid, there's guys gettin' KILLED in Europe."

Too Long a Tail for Sam

WHO doesn't know Sam Langford? Way back in 1913, Sam was matched with Jim Barry for a scheduled 20 round clash at the Brisbane Hash House. The genial Tar Baby did his training at Sandgate, a seaside suburb of Brisbane.

One morning Sam and his trainer, Duke Mullins, were standing on the jetty when a stranger happened along and pointing over the rails drew Sam's attention to a big stingrae that was sailing around the swimming pool. "Get in and tell him who you are Sam," said the stranger. "No; ah done like his tail," replied Sam.

That same night Sam Langford knocked Jim Barry cold in the first round. When the fight was due to commence, Barry refused to go on unless paid his share of the gate beforehand. "No money no fight" said Barry and refused to say any more. After the fight the stranger of a few hours earlier asked the Tar Baby how he liked Barry's tale. "Ah sure like date fellow's tale, said Sam. It's nice and short and ah'm cut it off quick.

Fitz Tried to Explain

YEARS ago, on a beautiful June morning while strolling through Central Park with Mike Donovan, Bob Fitzsimmons brought up the subject of "side stepping." Just at the psychological moment, a French nurse with her precious charge tucked away in a luxurious baby carriage, came trundling toward them.

Without realizing what the effect would be on the nurse, Fitz, to illustrate his point, gave a quick and strenuous step to the right just as the baby carriage arrived at the proper distance. The baby carriage in Fitz's mind took the place of the imaginary opponent. This unexpected move so astonished the nurse that she threw her hands up and in her excitement would have allowed the baby carriage to go plunging down an embankment had not Donovan and Fitz grabbed it.

BEN FOURNIER,
Edmonton, Canada.

A Fan's Letter

IN 1897 when Bob Fitzsimmons was at Carson City training for his memorable match with Corbett, he daily received large batches of mail from admirers all over the country. One of these missives came from an admirer and is worth while reproducing in your interesting magazine.

"Dear Mr. Fitzsimmons," it began. "My mother says that prize-fighting is distracting my brothers. They talk about it all the time. My eldest brother, Edward, who works in a sporting supply house here in Detroit, says he would like a memento of the fight, and although I am an entire stranger, I take the liberty of writing and asking you if you will kindly send him the glove that you knock out Mr. Corbett with."

(If you really want to know, she didn't get it!)

JAS. A. WHYTE.
Kingston, Ont.

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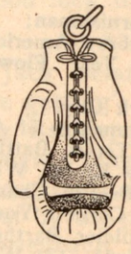

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

W. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts if they were all in their prime: Benny Leonard vs. Joe Gans, Dave Shade vs. Joe Walcott, Mickey Walker vs. Jack Britton, Harry Greb vs. Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Paul Berlenbach vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Delaney vs. Stanley Ketchel, Young Griffo vs. Kid Lavigne, Jack Dempsey vs. Jim Jeffries, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Johnny Dundee vs. Terry McGovern, Sid Terris vs. Battling Nelson?

A.—Gans, Wolcott, Britton, Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Ketchel, Griffo, Jeffries, Dixon, McGovern, Nelson.

Howard Carte, Akron, O.

Q.—(1) Did Harry Forbes and Johnny Buff ever box in Columbus? (2) Did they ever fight Frankie Mason?

A.—(1) No. (2) Buff defeated Mason 15 rounds. Forbes and Mason never fought.

Joseph Scutari, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Young Griffo ever fight Tom Daly, and what was the result? (2) What is Carpentier doing now? (3) How can a fellow become a boxer?

A.—(1) Griffo defeated Jack Daly, six rounds. (2) Carpentier is in America for the purpose of replenishing his bankroll. (3) Get in touch with Jimmy De Forest.

F. Ventura, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is Bushey Graham a good, scientific fighter? (2) Could Mushy Callahan whip Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Stanislaus Loayza?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Callahan might whip Mandell and Loayza but Terris is a horse of another color.

Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is Carl Duane a good prospect in the junior lightweight division, and could he whip Mike Ballerino? (2) Who would win in the following bouts: Terris vs. Mandell, Duane vs. Johnny Leonard, Grosso vs. Rosenblum, Doyle vs. Pinkey Mitchell, Walker vs. Harmon?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Terris, Duane, Grosso is too heavy for Maxey; Mitchell, Walker.

James M. Grundy, New York City.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts: Paul Doyle vs. Jack McVey, Loughran vs. Berlenbach, Taylor vs. Tremaine, Barbarian vs. Vicentini, Bud Gorman vs. Johnny Grosso?

A.—McVey, Berlenbach, Taylor, Vicentini, Gorman.

Q.—(1) Who are the three greatest fighters that ever lived, and what are their nationalities? (2) Could Jack Johnson beat Jack Dempsey when both were at their best? (3) Who won when Kid Lavigne fought Joe Walcott? (4) Did Tiger Flowers ever fight Harry Greb, and who won?

A.—(1) Fitzsimmons, Cornishman; Joe Gans, Negro; Abe Attell, Hebrew-American. (2) Yes. (3) Lavigne. (4) Yes. Flowers received popular decision.

Meyer Geringer, New York City.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalties of Abe Attell, Benny Leonard, Sid Terris, Battling Levinsky, Vic Hirsch, Harry Krohn, Willie Harmon, Joe Glick, Johnny Breslin, Charley White, Red Chapman, Young Corbett, Young Griffo, Bob Fitzsimmons, Soldier Bartfield, Phil Bloom and Jess Willard? (2) Were there any Jewish champs in the fly and welter divisions?

A.—(1) Attell, Leonard, Terris, Levinsky, Hirsch, Hebrews; American, Hebrew, Hebrew, Irish, Hebrew, Hebrew, American, Australian, Cornishman, Hebrew, Hebrew, (Kid) Lewis only Hebrew welter champion.

W. W. Carty, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Would Ketchel in his prime lick Dempsey, Shade, Greb and Tunney? (2) Who would win in a Shade-Moody fight? (3) Could Carpentier beat Delaney? (4) Could Dempsey lick Wills in a bare knuckle fight?

A.—(1) Ketchel could have whipped Shade, Greb and Tunney, but not Dempsey. (2) Shade. (3) No. (4) Yes.

A Reader, Hoquiam, Wash.

Q.—Who manages Paul Berlenbach?

A.—Dan Hickey.

William Rattell, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—(1) What nationality is Jack Delaney, and how old is he? Was he ever knocked out, by whom? (2) Who would win a Delaney-Berlenbach fight, and Delaney vs. Slattery?

A.—(1) French-Canadian, 25 years old. He was flattened by Augie Ratner. (2) Berlenbach turned tables on Delaney recently. Ten to fifteen rounds our choice would be Delaney.

Francis Albertanti

Maurice Yablonka, Chicago.

Q.—(1) Can Ruby Goldstein defeat Andy Divodi? (2) Could Tommy Gibbons defeat Gene Tunney in his prime? (3) Could Terris whip Mandell in a return match of fifteen rounds? (4) What is Kid Lavigne's nationality?

A.—(1) Divodi is much heavier than Ruby. (2) No. (3) Yes. (4) French-American.

A. B. Clifton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How old was Mickey Walker when he started to fight? (2) What nationality is Jim Maloney? (3) Who won the decision bout between Tendler and Jack Palmer in Philadelphia, 1923?

A.—(1) Seventeen. (2) Irish-American. (3) They fought eight no-decision rounds, Tendler receiving the popular verdict.

Sam Rotholtz, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Were the following ever knocked out: Stribling, Walker and Greb? (2) Who would win a Terris-Mandell bout?

A.—Walker and Greb, not Stribling. (2) Terris.

Harold Stern, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Who would win Slattery vs. Marullo, and Milligan vs. Shade? (2) Who are the five leading contenders for the welter title?

A.—(1) Slattery, Shade. (2) Tommy Milligan, Jack Zivic, Mushy Callahan, Sailor Friedman, Georgie Ward.

Joe Desmond, Bayonne, N. J.

Q.—Did Fred Krebs knock out Berlenbach in an amateur bout?

A.—Yes.

Joe Marino, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—I am 24 years old and never did much boxing. I have no bad habits. Is it too late to start as a professional in four round bouts?

A.—No.

S. D. Havailon, Canada.

Q.—(1) Who is the cleverer—Dempsey or Wills? (2) Could Milligan beat Greb?

A.—Dempsey. (2) No.

I. Topfer, New York City.

Q.—How are Yale Okun and Jack De Mave rated in the heavyweight division? Who would win between Okun and Al Rood bout? Is Okun ready for the top-notchers.

A.—Fair prospects. Rood. No.

Horace Botsford, Wilmington, Del.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Benny Bass-Chick Suggs bout? (2) How does Mickey Walker compare with past welter champs?

A.—(1) Bass. (2) Pretty good, that's all.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Where was Fidel La Barba born, how old is he? (2) How old is Mushy Callahan, and what is his nationality? (3) Who won the popular newspaper decision between Benny Leonard and Johnny Kilbane, and Johnny Dundee vs. Leach Cross? (4) Who would win if the following met: Bernstein vs. Ballerino, Bernstein vs. Goodrich, Kaplan vs. Duane? (5) What are the nationalities of Frankie Callahan, Eddie Wallace, Young Brown, Willie Ritchie, Young Erne?

A.—(1) New York City, 20 years old. (2) Twenty-three, Hebrew-American. (3) Leonard knocked out Kilbane in three rounds; Dundee and Cross never met. (4) Bernstein, Bernstein, Kaplan. (5) First three, Hebrews; American, Irish-American.

F. Mc C., New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Greb floored in his bout with Mike McTigue in 1919? (2) Who would win a Tiger Flowers-Mickey Walker bout? (3) What is Mike O'Dowd doing now? (4) Does a fight manager have to pay anything to get his fighter a write-up in The Ring?

A.—(1) No. (2) Flowers too heavy for Mickey. (3) Living on the fat of the land. (4) No.

Charles Seyffert, Huntington, L. I.

Q.—(1) What has become of Johnny Hamm? (2) Has Eddie Martin ever been knocked out; is he retired? (3) Did Bushey Graham win or lose his last fight?

A.—(1) He is working in the steel mills at Pittsburgh. (2) No. He is ill. (3) Winner.

Tom Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How old is Hip Sing Lee, and what is his weight?

A.—Under 21; 118 pounds.

Inquisitive, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—What are the measurements of Babe Herman?

A.—Height, 5 feet 5½ inches; weight, 126 pounds; reach, 68 inches; neck, 14½; chest normal, 33; chest expanded, 38½; waist, 26; biceps, 13; forearm, 11; wrist, 7; thigh, 18; calf, 12½; ankle, 8.

O. J. McIntyre, Washington Heights, N. Y. City.

Q.—What are Tex Rickard's initials?

A.—G. L. Rickard.

New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

"WON'T you please give us a hand; help us drive most of the champions out of their shells and fight for a change," pleased the State Athletic Commission in a recent confabulation with the boxing writers. The speaker was Bill Muldoon, the man who thinks it is almost a crime, sin and what not, to puff a cigarette or chew tobacco in the presence of overpaid fistic gladiators. But that's neither here nor there.

Mr. Muldoon has made mistakes and will continue to err, but he spoke a mouthful when he told the scribes right to their teeth that they were somewhat responsible for the chaotic championship condition because of the skillful manipulation of their pens. In other words, he thought the boys gave the champions and ham and eggers far more publicity than they were entitled to, or ever expect to be worth.

Inviting some of the synthetic titleholders is an easy matter. But getting them to agree to stake their all in competition is a horse of another color. It is a matter of record that only four or five championship events have been staged in New York since the never-to-be-forgotten Dempsey-Firpo slugfest, extending over a period of two years and a half.

Only Chicken Feed

CHAMPIONS of today scoff at $40,000 and $50,000 purses. In the old days they used to fight twenty, forty rounds and to a finish, for paltry $1,500 and $2,000. It must make the predecessors of Dempsey, Berlenbach, Greb, Walker, Kansas, Kaplan, Rosenberg and La Barbo cry their eyes out when they realize they were born two score years before their time.

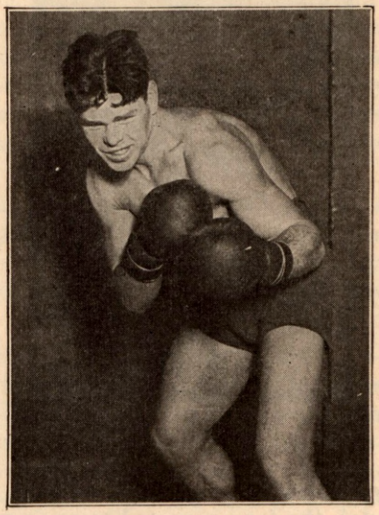
"Tex" Rickard was responsible for big money after the inception of the Walker Law and he has no one to blame but himself. He is trying to systematize things at the new Garden in respect to cutting down percentages and secret guarantees but he isn't having much success. To prove it look at the cards they are serving up to the dear old public at the biggest fight show place in the world. We haven't seen a decent scrap since the Berlenbach-Delaney setto, which happened to be a humdinger.

We agree with the august boxing solons and Rickard that champions should be made to fight. Some take refuge behind the six mouths, clause, and the others take the first train for California to ply their trade. The remaining one or two go to Philadelphia and other spots fighting palukas over the weight and picking up some pin money.

There seemingly is no cure for the thing. The most drastic action is to suspend a few for six months or a year, and read the riot act to the others. Then it's no sure thing they'll talk turkey.

The Case of Walker

THE case of Mickey Walker is a sad one indeed. The once Smilin' Mickey has had more than his share



Mickey Walker, who is "in bad" with the New York Boxing Commission.

of hard luck since he teamed up with Perfumery Jack Kearns. Between infected toes and trick tonsils, the welter king is on the ragged edge. Looks as if he were making his home in New York. We have seen lots of Mickey in the swell restaurants. Kearns loves the life. Mickey grabbed a gob from the Greb and Shade fights but since then he's been lying around idle. He should be worth a cool half million.

Johnny Dundee comes to mind. The ancient Italian is through but he refuses to stay put. He got a good smacking around at the hands of the young, agile Joe Glick recently. Johnny was in there trying to pull some of his old tricks but it availed him nothing. In fact, the rope stuff displeased most of the customers. Dundee should hang up his gloves; the Commission would earn the plaudits of the fans if they made him stop.

Dundee is bullheaded when it comes to listening to reason. There never lived a finer fellow. But if he thinks he's right you couldn't move him with a sledge hammer. He has amassed a small fortune, he should retire in his glory and sit in and enjoy the fruits of his arduous, earnest endeavors extending over a period of nearly seventeen years. Johnny is no spring chicken. But try and tell him that.

Coffroth in Gotham

SUNNY JIM COFFROTH dropped in on the gang ten days ago. The boss of the Tiajuana racetrack looks ten years younger than when we saw him last. He took in the Dundee-Glick fight at the Garden, and we saw him shake his head time and again as he watched Dundee miss by an open gate.

"In his day he'd lick a flock of Glicks," commented Jim. Coffroth used to run twenty round fights in California when Texy Rickard was a stick man in crap games in the wild and wooly west.

Frank Coultry, formerly secretary to Rickard and then general manager of the old Madison Square Garden, is the man behind the throne in the erection of an amphitheatre in Jersey City. Frank paid us a visit the other day. He showed us a flock of maps made by architects and from these we gather that the building will be a lallapalooza. Frank expects to clean up a fortune. Good luck to you, old boy.

Jack Delaney is cleaning up while the getting's good. The sharp shooting Bridgeport, (Conn.) light heavyweight, fought three good fights in succession in the Garden. He lost the first by the proverbial eyelash to Paul Berlenbach, and then whipped Young Bob Fitzsimmons and gave Johnny Risko a boxing lesson. Pete Reilly, Jack's manager, has added Johnny Breslin to his string. Breslin is a west side bantamweight.

Boxing in Cuba

By MILTON BARON

HAVANA, Cuba, February 10—(Special correspondence) — Judging from the fine attendance at the Arena Colon every Saturday night it looks as if the United Promoters will have to enlarge their stadium, or perhaps build a new one. This is due chiefly to the good bouts carded by Louis Ferrer, the "Cuban Rickard." Ferrer is negotiating with the manager of Louis Vincentini.

Cuba has a classy middleweight contender in Kid Charol. Charol who has just returned from a successful South American tour, has not had the opportunity to show his wares in the United States, but his manager is planning to invade New York.

Charol is a flashy, clever boxer, possessing a knockout punch, and never fails to give the fans a run for their money.

Aramis Del Pino, Cuban ex-amateur lightweight champion, recently journeyed over to Tampa, Fla., where he defeated Lew Silver in ten fast rounds. Aramis can always be relied upon to put up a good battle, and he is one of Cuba's most popular ringsters.

New Heavyweight Champion

THE Cuban heavyweight title changed owners when Rolleaux Saguero scored a one round knockout over Santiago Esparagera. This makes Rolleaux the holder of two titles, as he recently defeated Esperagera for the light heavyweight championship. Rolleaux is a left-hook specialist, and generally throws his opponents over. Good luck to Rolleaux, may he hold the title as long as his predecessor did.

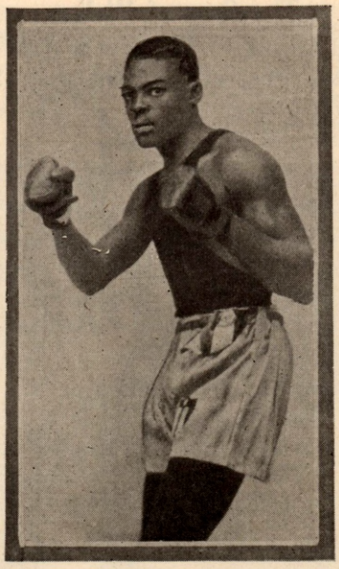
On the same card, Jack Santiago outpointed Frank Alapon, and Joe Garcia drew with Urbano Solera. In the semi-final, Joe Gilmore, from Denver, handed Camilo Lombardero a neat lacing, easily getting the decision. This makes Gilmore's third consecutive win, and he made a hit with the fans.

Julian Moran, Spanish welterweight champion, recently knocked out Lalo Dominguez, veteran ex-lightweight king of Cuba. This makes the third time these boys have met, Dominguez having won the first two bouts. In this fight, however, Lalo did not get off very well, and in the 9th round a right hook to the chin flattened him for the count.

In one of the preliminaries, Julio Carbonel defeated Mario Campos, and Ramon Argudin knocked out Joe Bacalao. Kid Salgado in another preliminary was again winner over the tough Tommy Albear. These two bantams fought a hurricane four round battle, and received a great ovation when they left the ring.

Olano's Opponent Disqualified

HILARIO MARTINEZ, Spanish lightweight, was disqualified in his bout recently with Cirilin Olano, the Cuban lightweight champion. These



Cirilin Olano.

boys drew a capacity crowd, and though the fans expected to see a good scrap, the bout ended in a very unsatisfactory way.

Martinez was winning in the first two rounds. In the third Olano claimed a foul, on what appeared to be a clean right hook to the solar plexus. The referee, Fernando Rios, turned a deaf ear to Olano's protests and counted him out, then raising Martinez' hand as the winner. But Olano's seconds were not content with this and insisted that their boy had been fouled.

Olano appeared to be in terrific pain and the doctor was requested to look him over. After examining Olano the doctor stated that he had been hit low. The fight was then given to Olano on a foul. Quite a riot ensued and a majority of the fans protested. We learned that Olano was seriously sick and in no condition to fight, and that by some means or other he evaded the doctor's examination on the afternoon of the day of the fight. For this he was fined; and suspended indefinitely.

The loss of this fight, however, should not keep Martinez away from the ring, as he is one of the most popular boys around town and will always draw the crowd. Plans are being made for this boy to meet Pedro Campo, the Philippine lightweight.

Another Spaniard Beaten

IN another semi-final Gabriel Herrera, local welterweight, easily defeated Vega Rubin from Spain, in a one sided six round affair. Herrera scored a knockdown in the 1st round, but Vega weathered the storm and pulled through. In the preliminaries, Luis Sardinas and Jack Carbonell fought a good draw, while Urbano Solera defeated Young Firpo, and Nicasio Varela defeated Kid Salgado, local bantam. Salgado broke his right hand in the first. Jack Cordero beat Carlos Fraga over the six round route.

Yves Horellou, French lightweight, who left Havana about two years ago is making his headquarters in New York. Horellou was a great favorite here. He sometimes took on opponents up to 150 pounds.

Genaro Pino, local flyweight, made his American debut last week at Tampa, Fla., losing to Tony Letto. This should not discourage Pino as he is a good boy, and should make good when he acquires a little more experience.

"Can He Take It"

(*Continued from page 9*)

Peter Maher's Fault

Peter Maher was seemingly big enough and strong enough to win the heavyweight championship. Also he unleashed what is regarded by many competent critics as the hardest punch ever incased in pigskin. Maher, however, had a papier-machie chin which some folks ungenerously confused with a "yellow streak." Maher would have been a champion had he been able to sop up wallops on the choppers.

This Paolino fellow, it appears, is another though cruder (if possible) Luis Angel Firpo. That calls for a little analytical comment on the pugilistic rating of the now hornless "wild bull of the Pampas." Physically Firpo was a cave man, also he had the battle lust right enough. He could punch, too, though as a boxer we'll have to throw him overboard.

Could he "take it?"

This writer would say "no" to that one. After all, the answer lies not in how many times a boxer is able to arise from knockdowns, but whether he can ultimately survive the flailing and win. Then, too, a man who can really "take it" in the grand manner does not flop to the canvas often.

As to Luis Firpo

MUCH has been made of the fact that Firpo arose fighting mad from seven knockdowns at the fists of Dempsey and then managed to catapult the champion from the ring with a series of ponderous right handers on the chin. Some think, and perhaps correctly, that this designated genuine stamina and endurance.

The writer does not agree with that estimate of Firpo. On the other hand, it seems to me that a giant of a man who crashes to the canvas about every other time he is hit, and punched completely out in about four minutes, is anything but an "iron man." It must be considered, too, that Firpo appeared several times to be going down on slight provocation, that is, practically without being hit.

Dempsey, for example, is the writer's idea of a man who can "take it." It is true that in most all of the champion's important fights his opponent has, at some time or another, had him near the brink of defeat or at least plainly distressed. Yet Dempsey has always weathered the storm, which is the prime difference between "taking it" and not being able to.

Washington, D. C., Makes Appeal for Legalized Boxing

WASHINGTON, D. C., a city with a population larger than eight of the states, is fighting for a bill to legalize boxing under the commission system. The bill is sponsored by Representative Clarence MacGregor, of New York.

Washington, though the nation's capital, is unfortunately handicapped by the lack of the American citizen's most sacred heritage, the right to vote.

Washington is not a sporting town. It took a world championship team to snap the capital into it. "Red" Grange drew peanuts there. Other sports are not so good either. A recent field meet hardly drew the athletes.

Boxing Always Draws

BUT boxing has always drawn crowds here, representative crowds, high class crowds. The fights were conducted under the club system, for members only. Under this system the game was built up to where Johnny Dundee could afford to come down here to take a smacking around at the hands of Honey Boy Finnegan.

Prior to that Heinie Miller, then a boxing promoter at Berwyn, seventeen miles into Maryland, by auto only, drew four and five thousand into the bushes week after week.

Miller is now sports editor of the Washington Herald and the most consistent booster for the MacGregor boxing bill. The people here want the game. But Washingtonians do not always get what they want. They get the leavings because their wishes do not mean votes.

City of Lobbyists

WASHINGTON is a city of lobbyists, whom Henry Ford once called "the Unseen Government." From time to time boxing bills have been introduced here, only to be tucked away in dust and mold when some blue law advocate shook a finger and said "Musn't Do."

You see the blue law folk there are lobbyists, supported by funds from Idaho, Ipswich, Pucker Hollow, and way stations. They bluff their way through the lobbies.

Boxing has never done that. Hence the boxing bills have died a natural death.

But Rep. MacGregor says he'll fight it through. He is receiving many letters of support, petitions from American Legion posts and civic bodies.

Dempsey's Close Ones

WHEN a mere tyro Dempsey suffered two broken ribs in a battle with John Lester Johnson, fighting on to a "no decision" finish. Later Gunboat Smith connected one of his famous "occipital" punches back of Dempsey's ear in the second round. Dempsey claimed afterward that he was "knocked" out on his feet, that he labored on through sheer fighting instinct.

At the end of the fourth round Jack received the decision, but was not aware of his triumph. To a friend a few hours later he bemoaned the fact that he had lost, and was stupefied to learn that he had been awarded the verdict.

Carpentier stunned him with a murderous right hander on the jaw at Boyles,' and Willard, horribly beaten, knocked Dempsey dizzy with a random right uppercut at Toledo. Each time Dempsey survived, "took it," to hammer his tormentor into submission. At Shelby Bernie Dempsey, the champion's brother, told me I had yet to discover the real Jack Dempsey.

Terror When Aroused

"WAIT until some guy drops Jack. You'll see the real Dempsey when he gets up," said Bernie. And it so developed. Less than two minutes after he had crawled back into the Polo Grounds ring Firpo was lying flat on his back insensible to all earthly affairs.

That is what this writer terms "taking it." All first class fighters are so gifted. Fitzsimmons was frequently in trouble, though he usually won. Maher hung him over the ropes in the third round with a crushing right handed at New Orleans. Fitz survived and knocked the Irishman out. Corbett had the Cornishman on the floor bleeding and sick in the sixth round at Carson. Fitzsimmons won by a knockout in the fourteenth.

As for Paolino the problem is not how big and muscularly powerful a fighting man he is. Rather, how much chopping can the woodchopper take?

TAD'S EARFUL

(*Continued from page* 13)

Fistic Doings in Australia

AT the Sydney Stadium recently Harry Collins, who holds the welterweight title in Australia, beat George Eagel of America, in eight rounds. Eagel had previously knocked Collins out on two different occasions and was quite sure that he'd repeat the trick this time.

One of the biggest crowds that has seen a fight there in years was attracted to the Stadium, reminding the writers of the days when Les Darcy performed.

This Collins has forged ahead rapidly of late and is looked upon as the best man Australia has developed since Darcy. Some years ago Mel Coogan fought a draw with Collins and, according to some, had an edge on the kangaroo gent, but the latter is a much better man today and one who is expected to go far.

Solar Plexus, writing in the Sydney Referee, says of the fight:

"The third meeting of Harry Collins with George Eagel created one of the old effervescent Darcy nights at the Sydney Stadium on Saturday. The Newcastle contingent came down in strong force and the huge inclosure was packed tightly with an immense crowd, excited, expectant and buzzing. The champion seemed inert and devoid of pugnacity, and at once met with a smashing left swing to the jaw. It looked as though there was something in the Indian sign. But after three rounds Collins concentrated on the fight, and after that Eagel was outboxed, out-fought and eclipsed."

The Finish of the Battle

Solar Plexus has this to say regarding the finish of the fight:

"Early in the eighth round Collins paid much attention to his man's body, pumping both hands there, and with a well-timed right he again shook up Eagel. The latter was made to miss with right and left, and a short left hook got him on the chin.

"Eagel swung a feeble kind of left, and staggered back from near Collins' corner to within a yard or so of the rope on the northern side. Referee Wallis was in the act of counting the American out when Collins rushed forward to assist his opponent to rise, but the referee held him back and, hearkening to what Eagle had to say, declared Collins the winner.

"The American complained of having injured his ankle, and was assisted to his corner. The subsequent medical examination revealed no injury.

"It would have been more satisfactory had the examination been postponed until the following day. But, injury, or not, the fight would probably have ended when it did by Collins administering the knockout. The ending would have been better for Eagle's reputation."

JOE DUNDEE

(*Continued from page* 6)

conclusion of which Joe was awarded the decision. This was the first time he had ever fought with the mittens laced on his hands. He got the thrill of a lifetime.

His most important battle before the home populace was with Mel Coogan, whom he beat in twelve stanzas. He also holds a decision over Jack Zivic. Among some of the other good men he has beaten —when he was a lightweight—are Sailor Friedman, twice; Lew Tendler, Sid Barbarian, Cuddy De Marco, Johnny Mosely, Alex Hart, Joe Welling, Ted Marchant and Johnny Clinton, knocked out Nate Goldman twice.

In his ranking of the world's boxers on their records for the year 1925, Tex Rickard placed Dundee fourth in the welter division. Personally, we believe he deserved a better position. As a matter of fact he should have been placed right under Walker. Tommy Milligan and Zivic ahead of Dundee? How does "Texy" get that way?

The first time we saw Dundee in action was in Philadelphia one night last year. His opponent was Nate Goldman. Joe put him to sleep in three rounds. The blow that laid low Nate was a terrific right across which landed on the "whiskers." They could have counted five million over Goldman.

Had Time Reaching Gotham

FOR SOME mysterious reason Joe had a tough time breaking in on big time in New York. Whether it was because none of the lightweights cared to tackle him, or his price was too high, the fact remains he couldn't reach the big town.

The first glimpse of Joe's fighting qualities, so far as Gotham fandom was concerned, was on the night he annihilated Luis Vicentini at the Queensboro Stadium. Twice in the eleventh round Dundee nailed him with right hand punches. The first time the Chilean leaped to his feet scorning the count. But he paid for his folly.

Dundee feinted the Latin into making a false lead and stepping in quickly clipped him with a left hook. Then he banged the right home. Vicentini bumped his blue woolen trunks on the canvas and squatted there until eight had been tolled off. He was on his feet just as the time was about to call time. Dundee tore at him furiously, but the bell clanged melodiously in the foreigner's battered ears.

Dundee gave Jack Zivic a thorough lacing. He slaughtered Sailor Friedman while 4,000 of his admirers rooted hard and long for him to score a knockout.

Hardest Fight with Hammer

THE hardest fight he ever had was with Ever Hammer three years ago. Incidentally, Benny Leonard admits the Scandinavian made him wish he had never fought him. Hammer hammered the daylights out of Benny until the champion-to-be crossed him with a right that came as a God-send.

Blaustein, who brought Joe into the game, is now his trainer. Joe wouldn't fight if Heinie wasn't around to help handle him. Waxman was in the theatrical racket before he ran across Dundee, but he has been a rabid fight fan twenty-five years.

Dundee carries $500 worth of gold in his mouth. He has a perfect set of teeth. He believes that only a stick of dynamite can put him to sleep. The mouthful of gold acts as a protector for his jaw when some of the boys land scattered rights on it.

Joe is married and the proud father of a boy. He is one of four brothers. Two of them are also fighters. One is Vince Dundee, welter, and the other Battling Dundee, who scales 112 pounds.

Beat McVey in Garden

DUNDEE celebrated his first appearance in the New Madison Square Garden by handling the tough negro Jack McVey a boxing lesson. Two weeks later he beat Joe Simonich in "Tex" Rickard's ring. Having seen his class, Gotham enthusiasts want him back often.

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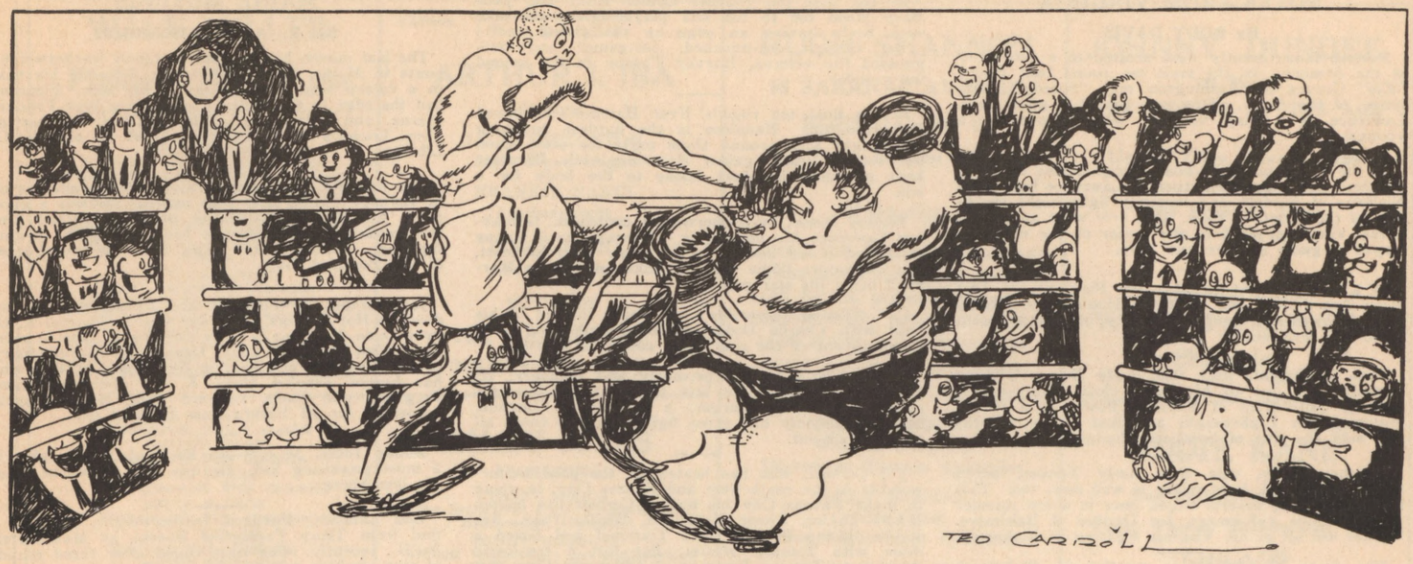

Minute Rests Between Rounds

NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Scotty McDonald, formerly of Scotland, is now making his home in Philadelphia. Scotty has been battling with wonderful success around this part of the state, and hopes some day to return to his native land with the featherweight crown. Since he has been in this country, McDonald has engaged in eighteen bouts, and has triumphed in eleven by knockouts. He is an aggressive little fighter and rarely backs up an inch. He has a sleep-producer in either hand, and when he lands something usually drops. Scotty's most recent victory was an eight-round victory over the tough Tommy Maher of Kensington. He now would like to meet boys such as Len Brenner, Ralph Repman and Chic Kansas. Old time fight fans, say McDonald looks like the best in the featherweight class they have seen for a long time. Scotty is under the management of Harry Dollfus, who also handles the highly touted Joe Bush of Philadelphia, and many other good boys.

Harry Wilson of York, scored a knockout over Bobby Coleman of Harrisburg, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round fight at Lebanon. In the semi-final Battling Willard of Lancaster, won the popular decision of the judges over Carl Young of Lebanon in a six-round bout. Dick Curtin of Lebanon, and Frankie Husic of Steelton, battled to a draw in another six-round bout that had plenty of action. One of the largest crowds that has turned out in Lebanon for some time witnessed the bouts.

Jimmy Burns of Atlantic City, scored a victory over the hard-hitting Ralph Repman of York Haven, at Harrisburg. The judges disagreed at the end of the ten rounds and Referee Jim Morrisey gave it to Burns. In the semi-final, Jack Hanlon of Lancaster, and Mike Schultz of Philadelphia, battled to a draw.

Hanlon was too anxious to score a knockout, and thereby missed many a good chance when he had Schultz in a bad way in the second round. Frankie Hayes of Philadelphia, scored a K. O. over Jackie Parks of Lancaster, when Jackie failed to answer the bell in the third round. Dick Curtin of Lebanon, scored an easy victory over K. O. Murray of Harrisburg, in a six-round fight.

Davey Adelman of Philadelphia, lost an eight-round verdict to Johnny Brennan of Trenton, in their fight at Reading. These two boys battled hard from the opening gong on and the decision was a close one. In the semi-final Jimmy McAllister of Reading, won the judges' decision over Tim Droney of Lancaster. The decision was not a popular one many of the fans thinking Droney was entitled to it.

George Chernitz of Cornwall, is training hard for several fights his manager has lined up for him. Chernitz is one of the hardest-hitting middleweights around this part of the state, and has won all of his fights by knockouts, not any of the bouts going over three rounds. He has had about twelve fights since he started, a mighty good record for any boy.

K. O. Peters of Harrisburg, is training hard and intends to stage a comeback within the next few weeks. A few years ago Peters gave the best of them a merry in the bantamweight class. We wish you luck, K. O.

Tommy Cooney of Philadelphia won the judges' decision over Harry (Kid) Brown of Philadelphia, in a ten-round fight at Harrisburg on Jan. 25th. In the semi-final Battling Willard of Lancaster, scored a knockout over "Philadelphia" Joe Welling in the third round of a scheduled eight-round bout.

Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia, scored a technical knockout over Ray Gibbons of Reading, in the fifth round when the referee stopped the fight to save Gibbons, who received a bad cut at the mouth. They are lightweights and fought this bout at Norristown.

Tony Hart of Steelton, was knocked out in his fight with Eddie Billman of Lancaster, at Harrisburg last month. Tony looked good in the first round, but wasn't in the running in the second one, and after being floored twice for the count the referee stopped it to save him from further punishment.

Frankie Hayes, lightweight fighter of Philadelphia, is going very good around these parts of the state, fighting quite often in Lancaster and Harrisburg. Frankie is a brother to Johnny Hayes, who is also a lightweight.

Davey Frey, York's popular little flyweight, has been going very good the past few months. Frey is the best flyweight developed around these parts for a long time. He has battled the best in his class and holds decisions over boys such as Young Denico, Chic Neiderman, Indian Russell and many others. He fought draws with "Tiger" Joe Herman and Frankie Porto within the past few weeks. He is a boy that always pleases. He fights from the opening gong to the end and rarely backs up an inch. He is very clever and a hard hitter and is good enough to fight the very best of them. Frey on any card spells money for the promoter.

ROCHESTER NEWS

By ROCKY CONTE

Mike Conroy, who hasn't appeared before the local club in the past year came back strong when he boxed a ten round draw with Sandy Siefert of Pittsburgh.

One of the most sensational bouts staged here in years was pulled off by Paul Bernola, former lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy, and Ralph Miles of Wolcott, N. Y. The decision was a draw.

Osk Till, Rochester middleweight is booked to meet Billy Leonard of Syracuse, here soon.

Johnny Kosolski, crack Polish lightweight, has taken unto himself a new manager.

Little Mike Marcells, a youngster who is yet to be defeated will step out of his class when he meets Chris Mueller of Buffalo soon. Marcells is a bantam.

Ray Wolford, Rochester heavyweight added Joe Shirley of Toronto to his K.O. list.

Jack Cparks, middleweight, is back in town after a successful tour of the Middle West.

Joe Trippe, the Mt. Morris high school boy, who recently lost a decision to Archie Walker is training faithfully for a return match with the New Yorker.

BALTIMORE NOTES

By EDDIE ROSS

Joe Dundee, Baltimore's crack welterweight, who many believe will be the next welterweight champion of the world captured New York by storm. Dundee making his first appearance in Tex Rickard's temple of swat defeated Jack McVey in a ten round battle. Jess McMahon, matchmaker, of the Garden immediately hooked Dundee up with Joe Simmonich of Butte, Mont., who received a good pasting at the hands of Baltimore Joe.

Boxing in Baltimore has taken a boom these days. Promoter Benny Franklin drew $4,765 at his last show featuring Tommy Herman and Bob Garcia in a twelve round battle. The Mexican won a close decision. In the other twelve round bouts Little Jeff, Southern Flyweight champion knocked out Jacky Alger of New England, in two rounds.

Nick Bass is Sammy Harris's latest knockout king. Harris predicts that Bass will be the equal of George K.O. Chaney, whom he handled for several years. Mahoney is one of the best welterweights in this section and has boxed some of the best battlers in the country with success. Little Jeff is going great guns having stopped his last three opponents. Jeff is being primed for a crack at Fidel LaBarba.

Lew Haywood, who is being managed by Eddie Ross, is one of the best featherweights in the South and has boxed such well known top notchers as Lew Silvers, Bobby Garcia, Chick Ward and Al Foreman. Haywood is a good puncher and should be heard from very soon under the astute handling of Ross.

Heiny Blaustein who trains Joe Dundee, Kid Williams, Little Jeff, and other stars for Max Waxman is very keen on Sylvan Bass, former South Atlantic Featherweight champion. Bass has been making rapid strides under Blaustein and looks like a promising boy.

Phil Ray slugging south paw junior lightweight has been stopping his opponents with ease. Ray punches on the order of George Chaney. He is a mere youngster, in his last time out Ray stopped Kid Walker in one round.

Buster Brown joined the Max Waxman stable. Brown is a bantamweight and looks very good. Local experts predict that he will be another Kid Williams. Buster is seventeen year old, and has been boxing for three years at smokers.

Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion, defeated Jack West in Washington, D. C. Although the Tiger has been boxing for sixteen years he still retains his old time stuff.

Tommy Loughlin is handling Eddie Leonard, a bantamweight of promise who is a great favorite in Philadelphia. Bobby Marriot, middleweight and Charley Barber featherweight.

Max Prock is handling Will Matthews, heavyweight of Boston, and Jimmy Burns, a featherweight.

Sammy Harris manages Frankie Rice lightweight, Charley Baum welterweight and Nate Carp bantamweight. "Carp" looks the best of the lot, as he is a rip tearing battler and can punch with either hand.

Freddy Kline who is running the only gymnasium in the Monumental city is doing business for Jo Chaney, lightweight; Mannie Sharkey, bantamweight and Frank Trischman, middleweight.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

Norfolk fans recently were treated to a fine show at the Armory. In the main ten round bout Harry "Kid" Groves of Washington met "Speedy" Lawrence, of the Army. This pair fought a good draw. Lawrence is a ring veteran, while Groves is a youngster.

In the ten round semi-final George Leslie of Camp Holabird and training partner of Lawrence beat Nick Nicholas of Norfolk and formerly lightweight champion of the Scouting Fleet. This pair went at it with a real vim and stood in the center of the ring and played a game of give and take.

In a special eight rounder Joe Piscatella of Fort Myer lost a close one to Music Houle of the Naval Base. Theirs was one of the very best of the program and was hugely enjoyed.

Fans in Virginia hear that Andy Bowen a great favorite here due to his hard, clean scrapping, is fighting quite often in Florida. Bowen is a Washington Junior Lightweight and just a few months ago held the title of Southern champion.

Another Andy, this time Andy Tucker, sorrel topped New York lightweight is well now, too. This boy fought here several times, once in a ten rounder with the now well-known Joe Dundee of Baltimore. Tucker did all of his Virginia fighting in Richmond.

The State Legislature is meeting in Richmond. Boxing patrons here are in accord in wishing it to pass a bill legalizing the sport here.

WASHINGTON, D. C. GOSSIP

By PATSY DONOVAN

The Aloysius Club started the New Year with a capacity house when Al Foreman of Fort Myer won over Young Phillips of Norfolk. Phillips' second threw in the towel during the fifth round which appeared to be a very wise move. Foreman is far too classy for such a boy of Phillips' class and experience. Phillips received a hand on leaving the ring. At no time did he stop trying but it was merely a workout for the crafty Foreman. The semi-final bout between Toney Cortex and Jimmy Ryan the Navy lightweight champion was sure a hummer all the way. Some thought Ryan won while others did not. Anyway it was a great fight.

The boys will settle their difference at a later date over a longer route. Mickey Devine knocked out Pat Deeney of Philadelphia in four rounds, Pepco Barry was stopped by Gypsy Smith and Johnnie Walker made short work of Joe Dillon. Several hundred fans were turned away as the house was packed before the first bout started.

Goldie Ahern had easy pickings in one Willie Nelson of New York at the City Club. Ahern showed a knockout punch in putting Nelson away in two rounds. Jack Cody caught plenty from Sylvan Bass in the semi-final. The three, four rounds were really the feature of the show, in each bout there was action galore.

Pepco Barry bested Skelly Roache, Joe Filla lost a close one to Emillo Auginaldo and Geo. Frager boxed on even terms with Gypsy Smith.

Police stopped the Joe Bashara-Johnnie Gill bout held by the National Capital Sporting Club. The police allege that the men were engaging in a prize-fight, which is against the laws of the District of Columbia. The 1500 fans on had at the time were much disappointed since the card up to that time had been very good.

Buster Dundee knocked out Pep Albee in four rounds. This was quite an upset since Albee was regarded rather highly here. Phil Raymond pasted Jack Cody and George Leslie beat Lew Heywood.

Al Foreman the Fort Myer soldier is causing quite a stir in this town. The soldier boy is a finished fighter having boxed such men as Eugene Criqui and Kid Roy. There is no place in town that will accommodate the crowd when Foreman meets Honey Boy Finnegan. Ten thousand should turn out for this go, topping Finnegan's last appearance here with Johnnie Dundee. Many of the fans think Foreman can take Washingtn's former idol, Finnegan.

KANSAS NOTES

By WILLIAM PATRICK

The year 1926 promises to be a busy year for Kansas boxers if the first day is any indicator of the other three hundred and sixty-four. Emporia, Topeka and Kansas City, Kansas, staged shows January first, all were a success.

Two negroes, Battling Dozier and Kid Shack, started things at Emporia by boxing a four-round draw.

Denver Kid bested Charlie Dodge in eight rounds.

Elmer McMullen and Joe Keys battled ten rounds with honors even.

At Topeka, Young Kitchel took a close decision over Frankie Gallagher, Earl Cecil won over Kayo Yap and Joe Trabone beat Buster Brown.

The Cudahy A. C. staged three ten-round bouts at Kansas City, Kansas.

In the first ten rounder Spider Kelly and Jack Bary stood toe to toe and played give and take with Kelly having an edge on the giving.

Pat Corbett out-punched, out-gamed and outguessed the veteran, Harvey Thorpe, in the second ten-rounder.

In the final ten rounds Ever Hammer out-boxed Bud Hamilton. Hamilton is the hardest punching lightweight seen around these parts for some time, but seemed stale against Hammer, while Hammer kept pounding in short hooks to the body for a win.

Tommy Dixon, ex-featherweight contender, is making Lawrence his home now Tommy has a boxing class that is fast coming to the front. Earl Endicott, Kid Alligator, Eddie 'Kid" Franks and Larry Marshall being his star pupils.

Carl "Young" Downing's ear being injured in his bout with Charlie Dodge at St. Josephs will keep Downing out of the ring for a couple of months.

Dodge City's boxing promoter and manager, H. E. Ripple, believes he has the next heavyweight champion in Roy Burger, a boy from Colorado. Burger has only had three fights winning them all by a knock-out.

Pat Corbett, who has beaten all the good welterweights in the south-west and Kansas City, is going to make Kansas City his home. Corbett has beaten Bobby Taylor, Elmer McMullen, Walter Page, Ace Riddle, Hamp Brown, Duke Trammel and boxed a draw with Tommy White. Pat lost a ten-round decision to Tommy Freeman at Oklahoma City, this being the only time the "Fighting Irishman" was beaten in twenty contests during the year nineteen-twenty-five.

Frank Gatto says he has the next featherweight champion in Joe Rivers, to date Pete Sarimento is the only boy to win over Rivers.

Pete Goosens and Walter "Gabby" Gable have a large string of battlers, there is hardly a card but has one or more Goosens and Gable boys on it.

Joe Ciro is going to resume training, Joe has been troubled with his nose for some time, but said nose is o. k. now and oJe is wanting to get started again.

If Manager Ray Morris can reduce his waistline four inches he will try to do the Charleston, according to rumors around the Arcade Gymnasium.

Battling "Kid" Dugan, the cleverest youngster developed in Kansas City for some time is training for a comeback. Dugan's short career was a sensational one, he beat all the banties and flyweights around Kansas City and then took a trip to the Pacific Coast. In his first start after returning here his mouth was cut badly and caused him to lose three times in succession. After a three-months' lay-off Dugan's mouth is healed and Dugan is now ready to tackle his conquerors and is confident of winning.

A card of four bouts was held at Wichita January eighteenth, with Johnny Husong doing the refereeing.

In a four-round opener Kid Maultbie beat Connie Thompson.

In a six-round preliminary Battling Morris bested Dick Cody.

In the best fight of the night Walter Page won over Freddie Gilbert in eight rounds that were chuck full of action. Page carried too many guns for Gilbert and dropped Freddie for a count twice in the eight rounds. This boy Page from "Boot-Hill" in Dodge City is a slugger that doesn't know how to duck or block a punch and believes that offense is the best defense.

George Manley, Denver middleweight outboxed Chuck Burns of San Antonio, Texas, in the ten-round final. Burns was no match for the clever Manley and was surely glad to hear the final bell.

The Kansas City, Kansas, American Legion staged another heavyweight bout that was far from pleasing, the preliminaries saved the card, however.

Duke "Dude" O'Dare, slugging middleweight of Muskogee, Oklahoma, slugged Earl Joliff (pride of Wint Smith, Legion matchmaker) into submission in two rounds.

Jimmy Carter clowned his way through eight rounds with Battling Silva and gained the decision, but eight rounds is a little long for a bout of this kind as the crowd tires of Carter's monkey-shines after four or five rounds.

The best number on the card was a six-round preliminary between Denver Kid and Blas Rodriguez. There was more gloves slung in this six rounds than all the other bouts put together, the Denver Kid fought as he has never fought before and took a popular decision over Rodriguez.

Buck Brady shaded Andre Anderson in a slow ten-round final.

At St. Joseph, Pat Corbett beat Jimmy Deering in eight rounds, Deering's last fight was a win over "Mexican" Eddie Dwyer.

Jimmy Carter won over Toby Smith in six rounds.

Spider Kelly beat Jack Barry for the second time.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The last month has seen a few torrid featherweight bouts in Maine. Tommy Fleurant defended his title in a return bout with Jimmy (Kid) Rice. Fleurant had the edge in 6 rounds. Young drew beat Frankie Merna, and his brother, Johnny Drew, another of Tom Traver's Biddeford boys, lost to old K. O. Liberty.

The fighting Lous—Lambert and Bedell, met twice in January. Their first bout on Jan. 5th was a good draw, but Lambert's cleaner punching earned him the verdict in their second battle. Bedell's furious fighting, however, still wins him the admiration of the Portland fans.

Jack Willis, of Portland and Texas, took a run down to Hot Springs, Ark., and won a technical K. O. over Dude Martinez of New Orleans in nine rounds. Jack then K. O.ed Tony Lynone in a preliminary to the Zivic-Milligan bout in New York. Willis, who has beaten Frankie Quill, K. O. Therrian, Tracy Ferguson and Sheik Leonard here, is the logical contender for Al Mello's New England title.

Bobby Jones, 16-year-old Portland lightweight, is a most promising kid. He has won 14 out of 15 of his last bouts.

Lou Lambert, Portland featherweight, won on a foul from Terry Parker of Boston at Manchester, N. H., recently. The bout ended after three rounds of even, furious milling.

There is a movement on foot to restore the fight game to Bangor again. This time, however, the promoters realize that Popular Priced shows must be staged for Bangor is by means ripe for big time stuff. The string of nearly a dozen straight financial failures prove this.

But low priced shows with Maine boys featuring will put the game back on its feet in Bangor.

Chester Kennedy, former heavyweight wrestler, rubber and physical culturist, is doing well as physical director of Bangor High. Chester is now working on a wrestling squad for B. H. S.

Johnny Vacca, Brighton bantam, appeared in Portland recently, and won handily over Tony Carney in six fast rounds. Bat Therrien of Sanford knocked out Joe Castello of Boston, in the semi-final. Therrien was later stopped by Laddie Lee who has just returned from Florida.

The return of the fight game in Bangor will be welcomed by such boys as St. Louis, the Maroons, Utah Kid, Stanchfield and Stevens of Milo, Kid Yuck and many others who have been out of work for some months. The Popular Priced shows will give them all a chance.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Little Alec Burlie, Canadian flyweight champion, took a leap into the "leading contenders" squad, when he beat Corporal Izzy Schwartz, at Willie Morrisey's. The Canuck's left had Izzy's head bobbing up and down like a cork on the ocean.

The semi-final betwen Tommy Mitchel and Johnny Sacco was full of action and Mitchell did well to outscore the Bison boy who was favorite. Now that Tommy has moved up into the lightweight class, he will find plenty of opposition hereabouts.

The biggest indoor crowd ever housed in Ontario saw the ten rounder between Harry Greb and Roland Todd. About 7,000 fans paid $15,000 and witnessed one of the poorest main bouts seen around here in many days.

The semi-windup between Charlie Thompson and Phil Richards of England was the best bout on the card, although the joust between Bobby Booth and Fred Vincent was a good one. The former almost repeated his K. O. win over the Welsh boy.

George Fifield, Canadian welterweight champion, took on Frankie Quill, at St. John, N. B., and made short work of him. He plastered him all over the ring in the first, and smashed over a terrific right-hander in the second that put Quill down for ten, and then some. Fifield is one of the Dominion's brightest prospects.

Harry Henning, the Canadian middleweight champion, and Cy Pook, fought their long awaited battle in St. Thomas, before a big crowd. Henning won in the seventh round by a K. O. The bout was pretty even up to the round preceding the intervention. Smiling Gardner and Whitey Tyson of Windsor put on a whirlwind bout for six rounds with honors even.

Chris Newton, local fighter, had to call off several bouts through injury to his shoulder while working out with George Fifield. Newton is again in the best of shape.

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CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY LOVERIDGE

Steve Smith of Bridgeport knocked out Johhny Hanlon who claims Denver, Col. as his home in the fourth round at Joe "Tex" Grills New London show. The bout did not look good to the fans.

"Sailor" Bestula a Filipino from the Coast Guard was stopped in the third round by Johnny Saxon of Bridgeport. Sailor Takahara another Coast Guard Filipino won on a knockout over Lew Anger's new lightweight Kid Chapman of Rochester (also known as Phil Clark of Waterbury). Sailor Cross lost the decision to Scotty Carroll in a six rounder the best bout of the evening.

Eight hundred and forty-three fans attended the bouts at Hartford where Young Manty of Mass. won a close decision over Billy Petrolle of Fargo, N. D., in the twelve round feature. Both boys weighed 133 pounds. In the eight round semi-final Rube Bradley of Holyoke outpointed Pincus Silverberg of Ansonia, Conn. flyweight champion.

Smiling McCormack of Stonigton lasted until the sixth round with Johnny O'Keefe of Hartford. Smiler was dropped for the count of eight in the first round but O'Keefe was unable to knock him out Referee McAuliffe stopping the bout. O'Keefe weighed 125 McCormack 123. Frankie Portell kayoed Young Owen in two rounds.

At Joe Chimble's Stamford show Mike Esposito state champion of the bantams won a decision over Nick Mercer of New York in ten rounds. Esposito's weight 120¾ Mercer 117. Chick Dorsey of Westport accidently fouled Mike Tangeline a Filipino from New York in the second round of a scheduled ten round bout. Dorsey weighed 124 Tangeline 123.

Willie Mack won from K. O. Mule Brown in the first ten rounder. Both boys are from Stamford. Kid Broad won from Joey King of Bridgeport Broad 132, King 128. Referee McCarthy stopped the opening bout in the fourth round between Charley Manty of Stamford who was winning from Tiger Smith of South Norwalk.

George Mulligan of Waterbury is trying to arrange a bout between Tony Travers of New Haven and Johnny Shugrue of Waterbury for the state lightweight championship. The match to be staged at Waterbury.

Mike Esposito and Young Mulligan have been signed for a fifteen round title bout for the state bantam crown at the Norwalk Armory. Johnny Peters formerly Nick Petitte will meet Bruce Flowers the classy colored lightweight boxer from New Rochelle in the ten round semi-final.

Pete August of Bridgeport and Johnny "Sheik" Leonard of Wallingford staged a great ten round battle at the Park Theatre, Bridgeport. August had the edge for the first eight rounds but Leonard came back strong in the last two rounds. Both boys have been rematched. Chick Mayo a Filipino from New York substituting for Willie Houck against Happy Rollinson lost an eight round number.

Johnny Peters formerly Nick Petitte continued his winning streak by easily defeating Willie Mack of Stamford. This is Peter's second clean cut win over Mack in less than a month. Tommy Jarrett of New Haven and Steve Culver of Bridgeport boxed six rounds. Jarrett gaining the decision. Jules Sombathy brother of Steve Smith making his professional debut won from Jimmy Kane the former amatuer star.

According to reports George Mulligan is to promote shows at Hartford and is planning on using Louis "Kid" Kaplan with Jimmy Goodrich in the feature. Mulligan has been the leading promoter in the state meeting with great success at Waterbury and as George is very popular in Hartford the boxing game should take a big boom in that section.

Rube Bradley of Holyoke and Young Coulon of Taftville have been signed for ten rounds at New London.

Mickey Travers lightweight of New Haven was the second New Haven boxer to be knocked out in New York in less than a month's time. George Day being stopped by Rube Goldstein at the Pioneer and Mickey Travers to Andy Devodi.

Jack Sharkey stopped Mexican Joe Lawson in the second round of the main event at Hartford. Jim Stone of Montreal 250 won a close decision over Clem Johnson 211. Frank Senk of Springfield 158½ won from Frankie O'Brien 156 of Hartford. Jack Horner 143 won from Young Emmons of Waterbury 144½.

Johnny "Sheik" Leonard lost to Myer Cohen at Holyoke.

Pete August of Bridgeport won from Kid Alberts at the Commonwealth New York City.

Louis "Kid" Kaplan won from Billy Murphy of Lowell at Boston.

Steve Smith is scheduled to box Eddie Anderson in the semi-final to the Jack Delaney-Johnny Risko bout at the New Garden, New York City.

Ansonia is to have a couple of shows in the coming month. Captain Thompson of the National Guard is planning on one show and the Webster Hose Co., under the capable direction of Messr's. Commerford, Dobbins and Ennis will fall into action the latter part of the month.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWEST NOTES

By DON CEE

Texas is enjoying a prosperous boxing season, with the larger boxing cities keeping the top-notch boys in two and three fights per month, while the smaller towns keep the lesser lights going so often they hardly have to go into a gymnasium to do any training, as they fight so often they keep continually in condition.

Albrecht Koenig, the advertised lightweight champion of Germany, Uraguay and several other South American Republics, did not go so well when he made his initial start in Texas at Kelly Field against little Johnny Merino the Fort Sam Houston terrier, Johnny pasted the German from pillar to post Del Coffen finally stopped the uneven contest in the seventh round.

Rabbit Palmer, the little blonde "Iron man" of Kelly Field made an apparent come back after his past several bad starts when he hung his well known mary ann on Franky Tonoco's lug for a quick knockout in the first round. It was thought that Tonoco would be an easy victor and would outpoint Rabbit in a flashy style, but the wise heads figured not on that lead of TNT in Palmer's right mit.

Dany Long of Kelly Field showed his friends that he is a comer by holding Mercy Montez to a draw recently. Though outweighing Montez many pounds, Long did mighty well to stay in there against the stocy little Mexican-American's double barreled attack. Long used his reach to a good advantage in holding Montez away.

Kid Lencho the Eagle Pass bantamweight lost to Kid Pancho Flores at Market Hall in San Antonio, as Pancho the little Santone flyweight gave his border city rival a most thorough pasting in a ten round bout, before three thousand howling fight crazy fanatics. Quite a bit of rivalry had been stired up before the match between the two little fellows.

Pancho, started tearing in from the first and took every round but one. Those who came to see a one puncher rock another to sleep with a single sock, stayed to see a clever and more experienced lad, outbox, outpunch and outsmart a game but less experienced boy up to the finish of one of the best fights seen in San Antonio in a long time.

Pancho, kept his left glove feeling around Lencho's face and his right hand smashes landing on Lencho's body and head until the Eagle Pass boy's fighting morale was almost completely broken, for every time Lencho started a swing or cross, Pancho beat him to it, landing at will on the game little bronze boy from the banks of the Rio Grande.

Pancho used a greater ring knowledge and experience, plus a greater punching ability to beat his younger rival and in beating Lencho, Pancho showed his admirers that he is trying to get back to himself and it was demonstrated to Lencho's friends and management, that the kid needs a few more soft ones under his belt and more experience before taking on the big leaguers.

In beating the master boxer, hard hitting George Manely of Denver at Wichita, Kansas, Chuck Burns, Bone Crusher of San Antonio, demonstrated more than was expected of him by the several thousand Sun Flower State fans who saw the battle.

McPherson awarded the best light heavyweight battle Wichita fans have ever seen to Chuck Burns, because Burns landed dozens of crushing clean blows to Manely's head and body, because Burns forced the fight from begining to end and knocked Manely down with a hard clean right hook to the chin in the second round, a blow which caused Manely's feet to leave the floor and his body to land on the canvas with a thud. After this knockdown, Manely fought a run-away fight, jabbing at Burns from long range, though scoring several fast right crosses to Burns' head, which seemed to do the Texas youth no harm, as he kept boring in and receiving all Manely sent while inviting the Denver Flash to come in and fight.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

Two new clubs have entered the boxing field in Boston making a total of five in a city that in the past barely supported three. Unless the Boxing Commission makes some ruling relative to the numbe of shows to be held each week some of the promoters will find themselves on the outside looking in.

The Broadway Boxing Club with Major Lynch at the helm and the Arena A. C. with George Freeman as matchmaker are the latest entrants.

Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo boy, defeated Roland Todd the British middleweight here in a slow, listless bout that did not hold the attention of the fans anytime during the ten rounds. Slattery appeared to be boxing "under wraps" and did not show any of his much touted ability. As for Todd ,he appeared willing enough but just couldn't get inside Slattery's jabs. As Jimmy appeared here once before in an unsatisfactory bout with Johnny Gill, he is about through hereabouts as a card. The Commercial A. C. staged this show.

Al Mello, the New England welterweight champion, fresh from his sensational K.O. of Eddie Shevlin, the veteran, defeated Morrie Schlaiffer, of Omaha, in a bout that bristled with good old fashioned toe-to-toe mixing, that had the fans "standing on their ears." Morrie proved to be the "toughest nut" that Al has been called on to crack since he started his career. Schlaiffer never once stepped back but kept coming in only to be met by the Lowell kid's withering fire to head or body. Mello showed himself to be of championship calibre.

Most of the clubs hereabouts are staging series of four round bouts, preliminary to the main event, and these bouts between local fans are chock full of action.

Jimmy Briscoe, the classy bantam from Manchester, N. H., defeated Johnny Moore at Portland, Maine, this month in a bout that the fans are still talking about. Briscoe scored a k.o. over Moore in the first round but after being counted out by the referee, Moore resumed fighting and as Jimmy accommodated him the bout went the distance and Briscoe received the popular award. The Maine fans showed their appreciation by giving the boys an ovation at the close of the bout.

Frankie Ryan, of Roxbury, a leading contender for bantam honors jumped in as a "sub" against clever Mattie Cordis of Lynn at the Salem A. A. this month and surprised the talent by gaining the award over Cordis in a rousing bout. Ryan has since been the recipient of many lucrative offers.

Harry Goldstein, the New England flyweight champion and one of the very best boys of his weight to be developed in this section defeated Al Rollinson of Shelton, Conn. Rollinson who was the Pan American Amateur Champion of a year ago was clearly outboxed by Goldstein.

Kid Kaplan, met Billy Murphy of Lowell, and romped off with an easy win. Murphy held his own in the first half of the battle, but towards the end of the bout the Meriden buzz-saw whirled into action and made Billy's midriff his target. After that there was nothing to it but Kaplan.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, Jr.

The fans here turned out in large numbers for a benefit show at the Armory, the proceeds to go to Clyde K. O. Jeakle, who before his eyesight failed him, was a contender for the lightweight crown. There were 15 four round bouts on the program and those who craved action received their money's worth. Many prominent boxers from Toledo and vicinity donated their services for the entertainment.

Matchmaker Joe Dailey, of the Toledo A. C., featured Herbi Schaffer, of Chicago, and Charley Lupica, of Toledo, in a twelve round bout on his card of January 6. Schaffer won by a shade.

Tommy Ryan, junior lightweight of Toledo, won decisively from George Meenihan, a highly touted boy from Youngstown, in the eight round semi-final. Battling Jeakle, of Bradner, stopped Adam Keats, of Toledo, in the second round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Sammy Lupica, of Toledo, handed Lammy Critchley a neat lacing in the six round curtain raiser.

Joe Packo, Toledo lightheavy, journeyed to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he was outpointed by Tommy Loughran, of Philadelphia. Press reports from that city however show that Packo made a creditable showing against the fast stepping Philadelphian.

Carl Tremaine, of Cleveland, made short work of Midget Mike Moran, of Pittsburgh, in the main event of a show promoted by the Shea Bros. Referee Ollie Pecord stopped hostilities when Moran had been sent to the mat for the third time in one minute of fighting.

Sergeant Norcross, of Toledo, stopped Jim Kelly, also of Toledo, in the fifth round of the scheduled eight round semi-final. Sammy Lupica made a great fight but was beaten by Johnny Williams, of Salt Lake City, in a six round bout. Jack Pinney, of Toledo, shaded Archie Ammon, of Detroit, in six rounds and Tom Sayers, of Detroit, won by a technical knockout from Ed. Keim, of Toledo.

Larry Posen, of Toledo, suffered defeat at the hands of Don Boyer, also of Toledo, in the main attraction of Joe Dailey's show, when he ran into a sharp right cross in the twelfth round which rendered him helpless. Referee Pecord stopped the bout just five seconds before time for the final bell. Up to that time the boys had battled on even terms and this would make a great return match.

Tony Ross, of Monroe, Mich., stopped Al St. John, of Sanduskey, in the third round of the semi-final. Jack Pinney, of Toledo, outclassed Danny Kahn, of Chicago, in six rounds. Jimmy Robe, of Kalamazoo, shaded Mickey Sullivan, of Toledo, in six rounds and Watty Wasserman, of Fremont, outpointed Mickey Follmer, of Toledo, in four rounds.

Captain Strelinger Is Named Again On Coast Body

CAPT. SETH STRELINGER has been reappointed member of the State athletic commission by Governor Richardson. Strelinger was appointed by the governor a year ago for a one-year term. He was backed by officials of the American Legion and is said to be even more strongly backed by that body now.

During the world war, Captain Strelinger was a commissioned officer and rendered distinguished service. He is of independent means and has devoted the greater part of his time to the work of the commission.

In making the reappointment the governor said: "Captain Seth Strelinger has been continued on the athletic commission because he has done such splendid work during the past year. He has devoted a large part of his time to the work without salary. He has been fearless and honest in his decisions upon policy. His task has been a hard one, as prize fighters and their promoters are not like doves to handle.

"I have heard but little complaint regarding the actions of the commissioners and the few criticisms made only convince me that the commission is doing right. The commission has done better with the fighters than I thought possible a year ago, and I must commend not only Captain Strelinger, but Commissioners William H. Hanlon and Louis Almgren.

The leading officers of the American Legion have endorsed Strelinger for reappointment and many citizens have written commending his good work.

"Although not a prize fight votary, or favorable to the initiative permitting prize fighting, I am greatly pleased with the record made by the commissioners and their efficient secretary, W. A. Yarwood."

MINNESOTA BOXING NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Clyde Hull of Faith, S. D. looked mighty good at the Minneapolis Athletic Club when he stopped Johnny Schauers of St. Paul. Schauers almost ended the fight in the first round when his right found Clyde's chin, and Hull was badly shaken but boxed cautiously for the rest of the round which went to Schauers.

Schauer is a veteran around these parts and can beat a lot of good boys yet but in Hull he found a boy who is too young and to big and just as clever. In the other bouts King Tut outpointed Soldier De Rose; Frankie Soltis knocked out Jack Le May; Benny Ray beat Artie Sheire; Joey Fliegel won over Connie Gross; Eddie Rogan beat Paul Wanglie, and Johnny Edwards knocked out Earl Lilledahl. Tommy Gibbons gave an interesting talk before the bouts.

Mike Connolly, Minneapolis manager, keeps his redheaded welterweight, Jackie Conway busy. Conway is a busy boy in the ring too and maybe this is the reason that he gets the bouts.

Jack Reddy is putting on popular priced shows using only local talent as he is tired of importing eastern stars who come out here to waltz and collect. There are few Minnesota boxers who are top notchers now and Jack hopes to help develop a few out of the big crop of promising youngsters here.

Jimmy Cashill of St. Paul, who has been making his headquarters at Chicago for some time, is back home for a spell and is ready for any of the 130 pounders.

Jock Malone and Dave Shade put up an uninteresting bout which went the full ten rounds without anyone getting a scratch at St. Paul. Neither would take a chance although Dave did a little leading now and then. Both boxers were so clever at defensive boxing that it was a bad match although it would not have been had either one of them cared about earning the money.

Clyde Hull beat Sammy Leonard in the semi. Leonard, like Shade and Malone, would not take a chance and started his right hand about three or four times. Clyde was willing enough but is hard to beat a man who will do nothing but defend himself.

Jack McCann drew with Jack King. McCann put up his usual willing rough and ready fight but King was fairly clever and pulled himself out of many a tight hole.

King Tut beat Soldier De Rose and My Sullivan, a very clever youngster, gave Harold White a whaling.

Jimmy Delaney and Carl Augustine have left for Los Angeles where they will spend the rest of the winter. Delaney is well known in California.

Pinkey Mitchell of Milwaukee won over Russie Le Roy at Fargo, N. D., before a record crowd. Pinkey knocked Le Roy down in the seventh and had everything his way after that.

GULF COAST NOTES

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Al Fremin, Biloxi, has closed with Paul La Croix, manager of Kid Carlin, for a ten-round bout between Carlin and Earl Bascle. Bascle is the lad who has been boxing along the Gulf Coast for the past year and has not met with a defeat thus far and will have the backing of all the local fans to defeat Carlin.

Dan Morgan, former manager of Battling Levinsky and Jack Britton, saw Bascle in one of the latter's bouts and was very much impressed with the youngster. Morgan declared that Bascle will be heard from in the pugilistic world.

Buster Mallini, one of the famous Mallini Brothers, has been creating somewhat of a sensation in New Orleans rings the past month. Mallini is proclaimed by all the New Orleans sporting experts as one of the busiest fighters in the ring today, outside of Harry Greb. Buster is one fighter who believes in fighting at all times and the end of this year should find him mingling with the top notchers.

Big Boy Peterson, Kiln heavyweight, is another Gulf Coast battler that is proving somewhat of a sensation in New Orleans rings. Big Boy has scored knockouts in his last two battles in the Crescent City. Peterson and Mallini are both under the management of Paul La Crox.

Peterson, last month, accidentally killed a negro sparring partner. The negro weighed 200 pounds and was an experienced fighter. Big Boy showed his regret by mailing the negro fighter's parents a check covering burial expenses.

Billy Brown, Memphis welterweight, scored an impressive win over Tut Seymour at Biloxi last month. Brown and Seymour staged one of the greatest bouts seen on the Gulf Coast in some time. The fans want to see more of Brown.

Kid Como, Lake Charles, made a big hit here in his bout with Bub Seymour last month. Como displayed a lot of class.

Jack Lewis, Junior Lightweight Champion of the South, has wired Al Fremin, American Legion promoter that he will open up his old training quarters in Biloxi to condition himself for several offers that he has received from various Florida promoters. Lewis is the latest fistic star on the fistic horizon. In his last three starts has defeated such high-class fighters as Joe Cook, Jack Griff and Tommy Noble.

Whitey Schultz, manager of Lewis, mailed the writer clippings of Lewis' wins over Cook, Noble and Griff. All the sport editors proclaim that Lewis is the world's hardest punching Junior Lightweight.

BUFFALO NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantam title contender, defeated Bushey Graham of Utica in the third round here of a scheduled ten-round bout which topped an all star card on Feb. 1st. Graham was disqualified by Referee Patsy Haley after Bushey had twice been warned for low punches. He committed fouls in the first and seventh rounds. Ryan had the best of the fight when the foul occurred. He was outfighting Graham in the clinches and his terrific body blows had the Utica scrapper slowed down. Graham showed brilliant boxing but he was mystified by Ryan's weaving style of fighting and Bushey could not land on the Buffalo lad.

The Ryan-Graham scrap was backed up by other tens with Sid Terris of New York against Luke Carr, lightweights, and Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo, against Tommy Robson, Boston, light-heavyweights.

One of the biggest houses of the year at banner prices paid $17,000 to see the show.

Tommy Ryan's defeated of Bushey Graham means that Tommy will soon get a crack at Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg's title. Ryan will win, if they meet. Tommy has already boxed Chick Suggs, beating the negro on one occasion and boxing him to a draw on the other. Suggs was never anywhere near the bantam limit when he boxed Ryan and Tommy won, despite the weight handicap. Ryan has made it clear to the New York State Athletic Commission that he will gladly box Suggs at 118 pounds, the winner to meet the champion in a title match.

Sid Terris put the skids on the ambition of Luke Carr, local lightweight, when Terris stopped him in the fifth round. Sid must be developing a punch. Time and again he hurt Luke with straight body blows. Sid and his manager, Dan Kaplan, expressed a desire to get a title match with Rocky Kansas. Terris won over Kansas on a foul the last time the boys met.

Jimmy Slattery defeated the veteran, Tommy Robson, in ten rounds. Slattery outboxed Robson, who tried hard and took a beating gamely. Occasionally Tommy would take a swing at Jimmy's chin and if a blow landed the result might have been different, for there's one thing that Robson can still do and that's hit.

Other bouts on Charlie Murray's $15,000 card resulted as follows: Frankie Garcia defeated Dave Schwartz by a knockout in five rounds and Joe Barrone, Buffalo, and Steve McCarthy, Black Rock, battled four rounds to a draw. Patsy Haley was the referee.

NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

It is beginning to look as if Atlanta will have some boxing this year. The old Boxing Commission consisting of five members have been cut down to three. "Fuzzy" Woodruf, who has been connected with the game as referee, has been appointed one of the commissioners. Woodruf no doubt will inject a little pep in the game and permit promoters to stage a few shows at a profit.

Walk Miller, manager of Tigers Flowers, perhaps will start things going in the way of staging a few matches. Miller will be unable to devote his time to the promoting end.

Ed Alexander, Savannah, Ga., manager of Pinkie May, is all smiles and Edward has a good reason to smile. Alexander recently had his young bantamweight, Pinkie May, stacked up against "Midget" Mike O'Dowd of Columbus, Ohio. The wise boys did not give the Georgia youngster much of a chance against the hard hitting O'Dowd, but to the great surprise of everyone present, May gave O'Dowd the hardest fight of his career. The bout had the customers on their toes.

May is one of the most promising youngsters developed here. He is one of the strongest lads in the bantam class and is rugged. He starts from the tap of the bell and there is no let up.

Benny Regan and Harry Allen, a couple of bantams, battled ten rounds to a draw in Jacksonville, Fla.

Tommy Jones, Walk Miller's 126-pounder, lost a decision to Harry Forbes, of Akron, Ohio, in a fast ten-round bout in Tampa, Fla. Jones was off form, as he agreed to make 119 pounds. Jones should not weigh under 126.

Tommy Jones knocked out Charley Diaz of Tampa in five rounds and later defeated Harry Allen in St. Petersburg, Fla., in a fast bout.

Lukie Tenner, Savannah featherweight, is back home and rounding into first-class condition at Ed Alexander's gymnasium.

Max Abelson, having lost his star battler when Silver retired from the game, is handling another promising youngster, Frankie Gardini, who has been battling around Ohio. Gardini is one of the best-looking youngsters seen here. He weighs 130 pounds.

In his first appearance, Gardini knocked out Kid White of Tampa, in five rounds, despite the fact that White had a ten-pound weight advantage. Against Johnny Simpson, a Texas lightweight, Gardini was awarded the decision. Gardini is wintering in Florida. A match between Gardini and Aramis Del Pino, Cuban lightweight, to be staged in Havana, at an early date, is in the making.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Miami has been in a pugilistic turmoil for the past month. Rumors have been flying thick and fast regarding new promoters stepping in in the Magic City. Coral Gables, the beautiful suburb of Miami, recently has been staging professional foot ball games at what could be converted into an excellent open air boxing arena. Naturally, such a proposition was not overlooked by many of the "smart talent." But efforts to secure the stadium were not successful, though such well known moguls as Joe Woodman and Billy Gibson, both of New York City, tried to land the prize.

Gene Tunney, America's light heavyweight boxing champion, who has again invaded Miami for the winter season, was undoubtedly the ace in the hole that Billy Gibson, manager of Gene, used as a wedge unsuccessfully to land Coral Bables' stadium. Then again, Ed Douglass, who apparently has Miami sewed up, pugilistically speaking, had the Miami newspapers filled with chatter that Gene would be the star to open Douglass' new arena. On the same card, it was announced that Jack Dempsey, would give exhibitions with his sparring partners.

With two such famed ringsters extensively ballyhooed to appear at Douglass' arena it was natural to believe that the sporting world in general and Gov. John Martin's attention was focused on the proposition. This brought forth an edict from the state capital over the signature of Florida's executive that he would not allow such contests to take place wherein boxers of national repute were scheduled to appear. In fact this has been the Governor's ultimatum for over a year.

When Gov. Martin again issued his ultimatum, barring nationally known boxers in the state, evidently, Billy Gibson, becoming peeved at the publicity that Douglass was receiving through the use of Gene Tunney's name, came out in the Miami papers, hot under the collar, and declared, that Tunney was never to box in the Magic city; that no offers were received for his services and so on. Which again puts the boxing situation back to normalcy. While the Governor bars nationally known stars, he apparently means boxers who are contenders for world's titular honors, for he has not prohibited lesser lights to appear.

While the fans will not be allowed to witness champions and near-champions in action, there is no dearth of good talent invading the state. During the past month, Eddie Mead, the rotund manager of former bantamweight champion Poe Lynch, and Dan O'Dowd of Boston, light heavyweight, invaded the Magic city. O'Dowd met Benny Touchstone, in the latter's first appearance since his invasion of California rings, at Fort Lauderdale, with Touchstone winning the duke by a narrow margin.

The showing of Touchstone was a disappointing one to the fans who expected to see a greatly improved boxer in Miami's fistic hope for titular honors. Apparently, Touchstone has slipped since his appearances in Miami last winter, at least that is the opinion of the experts. Credit must be given O'Dowd for his wonderful showing, as Dan took the bout on at the last minute, through the failure of Joe Lavigne, to appear on time.

There has been quite a number of boxing luminaries arriving in various cities of the state. Champion Jack Dempsey blew into Miami, with his charming wife. Dempsey apparently is here to condition himself for any bouts that he may have in view, but the real object is Jack is here to boost a real estate concern at so much per boost. The champion will receive $1,000 per day for ten days to parade and talk real estate before the offices of the concern.

Dempsey will not be allowed to enter into a match or exhibit his skill as a champion in any of the various arenas. That has been definitely decided by Governor John Martin. But in consideration that Jack is to get a nice slice of the real estate money in Miami, and all the expenses paid for himself and party, we are under the impression, he will enjoy his visit greatly.

Paul Berlenback, the punching assassin of Astoria, N. Y., was another passing through Miami "om Paul" was on his way to Long Key, where he intends to fish and rest. In company with Frank Levitt, A. E. F., wrestling champion, "Berly," stated he would welcome a shot in a Florida ring with either Young Stribling or Gene Tunney. Alas and alack, what's the use?

Jack Renault, the Canadian champion, then came into the Magic City. Renault was en route to Tampa, where he met a Cuban heavyweight. Following that contest, Jack returned to Miami, where he is scheduled to box at Ed Douglass' new sluggery early in February. At least that was the announcement when he was recently introduced at the ringside at Miami.

George Mulholland of New York, whom John Reisler ("John the Barber") exploited for sometime, is making Fort Lauderdale his headquarters. Mulholland has tied onto a very good press agent, if an inexperienced manager of that city. W. D. Clark is the bird, and he is writing realms of copy on Mulholland, of which the latter has almost come to believe is true himself.

Barry McCormick, of New York, who was interested in the promotion of the Tunney-O'Dowd bout at St. Petersburg last December, arrived in Miami, with Joe Lavigne, a light heavyweight in tow. Lavigne looks promising and was signed to meet Dan O'Dowd at Fort Lauderdale, during January.

Johnny Flynn, the Chattanooga middleweight, has had the pugilistic curtain run down on him in Florida rings at least. Unappreciated of clever managing, wonderful publicity, which was not always to his various opponents credit to boost Flynn, he has practically had himself run out of the state. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Florida has enough palookas and can get along very well without another.

Hugh Martin, matchmaker of Ed Douglass' Miami club, is being criticised by a number of managers and boxers, who claim that Martin is not playing the game accrding to Hoyle. Recently, Martin had a boxer pinch-hit for him and without consulting the manager, tossed the bimbo in the ring "cut" him for a manager's share of the boxers end, while the rightful manager held the bag.

With such tactics being pursued by Martin, it probably is the reason why the fans are fed up on the same old faces. It is said, that unless Martin gets a manager's "cut," no boxer or a boxer under anothers' management has a Chinaman's chance of getting a shot in Miami. Then again, the gates have fallen off very, very much recently. Another angle to the mess.

Another boxer has tossed aside a manager who had his welfare uppermost in mind. Little Mickey Gill, the Pacific Coast flyweight, listened to the siren whispers of a "chisler," with the result that he cast aside Clem Hamel, a young man while not as clever as many in the managers mart, assuredly had proven to get Mickey a world of publicity and many a dollar.

It is noticeable that when these smart boxers lend an ear to the many "chislers" now in the game, they soon pass into the discard. For the sweet words that the would-be managers whisper never come true, for the wise crackers do not know the first rudiments of handling a boxer successfully or for that matter, at all.

Nixon ("Nick") Jones, formerly Carolina correspondent of THE RING is now located at Lakeland, where he has that socking welterweight—Ken Burris in tow. Jones is striving to land his ace in Miami. Tampa, and other ports and woe betide the welters that mingle with Burris.

Eddie Mead, the heavyweight manager of New York, will not be recognized by his many friends when he hits for the big town. Eddie lost a ton of avoirdupois shaking hands with a galaxy of friends upon his arrival in Miami.

There is no question regarding the popularity of Gene Tunney in the vicinity of Miami, at least. Unlike Dempsey, Tunney was sought out to sell real estate by a hustling concern. Gene signed up for thirty days at five hundred iron men per day. Some salary!

Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, now a native of Miami, informed the writer that he is bringing from New York, Georgie Marks, the very clever bantamweight. Jack wants to match his new protege with Joe Lynch.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By "SOX" PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy made his debut in a New York ring by winning over a two-handed fighter, Andy Tucker. Murphy hit him with every punch that is known in the boxing world. So great was his victory that Tex Rickard placed Murphy in his selection of contenders for the lightweight crown. Murphy's first fight in the West will be with Russ Whalen at East Chicago.

Willie LaMorte and Dave Adelman fought a slow 8-round draw here. Adelman is the boy who holds the championship flyweight belt of Pennsylvania.

In the semi-final, Earl Sande of Phila., k.o.'d Johnny Fone of Trenton in the first round. Charlie Kiski, a former Trenton boy, won over Mike Murray.

Johnny Oakey beat Jack Kiernan of Long Branch. It was a great fight. With a little more experience Oakey will make it hot for a lot of boys around Jersey. In the semi, Sammy Muffo beat Midget Herman. Bob McClellan, a comer from Mt Holly, home of Jeff Smith, defeated Geo. Aibner in 8 rounds.

Maher and Keigan, new promoters of the Capital A. A., had tough riding in their first 4 or 5 shows but the fans are beginning to realize that they mean to put on the best shows they could for the admission prices.

Just Among Ourselves

THE editor of THE RING receives hundreds of letters every month. Obviously, it is impossible to print all of them. He selects those which have a timely interest—and which are written legibly and on one side of the paper. Nor does he pick only those which pat THE RING and its staff on the back. They all do that.—ahem!

The Editor and publisher of The Ring just has returned from Europe. He will tell you all about it in the April issue.

Frank Graham's fine yarn—"Deaf, But Not So Dumb," is concluded in this issue. Watch for his next story, "The Triple Cross,"—which will be started in an early issue. It's a thriller—and splendidly written.

What do you think of Billy McCarney's picking Luther McCarty as the greatest heavyweight in this issue? Sort of a facer, what? Billy managed Luther and knew him as nobody else did. Poor Luther! He was killed in that fight with Pelkey at Calgary.

Travels the World Over

"I don't know whether your circulation figures actually show it, but I would like to mention how remarkably well distributed THE RING is in Europe. In England, of course, THE RING is accepted as a regular and standard publication. You can get THE RING in any of the cities along the northern seaboard of France and Belgium. In Paris you find it prominent on every kiosk, same thing in Milan, Italy, which has become quite a fight city. In Berlin and Stockholm THE RING can always be obtained.

My frequent wonder has been how these people manage to read what they buy. Whne you find people willing to wade through the endless difficulties of translations in order to follow a sport, it is a mighty fine sign of their keen interest.

Look out for the boxers of Continental Europe within the next ten years.

Billy Ames, Boston, Mass.
Manager of Frank Moody and Tommy Milligan.

TAKES ISSUE WITH TAD

I WOULD like space enough in your very interesting magazine for this reply to "Tad's" screed in your December number entitled "Sharkey Near Champion" where he says:

"In the twenty-five round fight with Jeff at Coney Island, Refree Siler declared Jeff the winner, but he could just as well have decided in favor of the tar, the thing was so close."

This is not so. Sharkey put up as game a battle as any man ever fought in a ring. He went into that ring with Jeffries with a "conkuer or die" spirit and it is my impression that no other man then living but Jeffries could have beaten him, and this is further to Sharkey's credit as Jeffries was the greatest fighter that ever entered a ring.

Yes, Sharkey stayed the limit, twenty-five rounds, in the fiercest battle for the heavyweight championship that has been fought since Paddy Ryan best old Joe Goss. But—in the last round, Jeffries knocked him down three times——broke his nose and fractured three of his ribs. In that battle Sharkey was "killed" figuratively speaking, literally also as far as any subsequent hopes of success in the ring were concerned.

He never amounted to anything after that. I do not recall that he ever won another fight after his defeat by Jeffries.

And let this be further known, that Jeffries went into that fight with a sprained left arm that he had to "save" throughout the fight.

Among the numerous conquerors of Sharkey after this fight with Jeff was Jack Monroe, "the miner," who only lasted 45 seconds with Jeffries in San Francisco after his (Monroe's) defeat of Sharkey.

Of all sporting writers, Grantand Rice is the only one so far as I know who gives Jeffries his proper rating. He said on one occasion: "Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, but in my estimation, Jim Jeffries, during the period from 1902 to 1905 could beat any fighter we know anything about."

I have followed the game very closely for 45 years and am familiar with ring history for a half century previous to that period, hence neither "Tad" nor any one else can make me believe Sharkey was entitled to the decision.

A. L. Roberts, 2806 26th St., N. E. Wash., D. C.

THE FIGHTER'S CRADLE

By John Francis Sanford

THE big leaguer comes from the bushes.
The grid hero grows up with the corn.
But, down in Poverty Alley,
That's where the fighter is born.
Down where the going is hardest,
The toughest kid is right,
For after learning to toddle, he finds
That a snappy left makes might.

DOWN by the gleam of the street lamp,
They first step into the ring.
Tho' it's only a clothesline arena,
A rickety make-shift thing.
They take their first lesson in gameness,
By that flickering light.
And who knows? But one greater than any
Is learning his trade there tonight.

AUSTRALIAN BOXERS

BEING an Australian, I am naturally most interested in any article concerning Australians.

James Lauder's letter in the October issue appealed to me, although I cannot agree altogether with his opinion of present Australian boxers. I agree with Mr. Lauder when he states that there are better class boys than Jack Dillon in Aussie.

On the other hand, I cannot agree with his opinion of Harry Collins. George Eagel, who is not considered a championship contender in his own country has beaten Collins twice by knockouts and is at the present time unable to coax the Australian champion into the ring with him.

Sid Godfrey could never be classed as a world beater, although at his best he is a really good boy.

Tommy Uren at the time he met Collins had hit the toboggan.

Archie Bradley was never a great fighter. A good, tough fellow with plenty of pluck and stamina who even at that would beat more good men than Collins at his best.

We have only had one real champion in Australia during the last fifteen years. That was Les Darcy and take it from me, Les would have whipped the world's best and done it comfortably.

Such men as Dave Smith, Bert Spargo, Herb McBily Lang. Remember Llen Edwards. Edwards Coy, Billy Grimes, and Sid Godfrey were and are short of championship calibre. You know Australians have made the mistake of overrating their champions before today. Remember Billy Squires, also made the opposition in Australia look like second raters.

It's history now, how these marvels performed against the American cracks.

Australia is very poor today, so far as first-class mitt artists go. What we want badly is an invasion of some good class American boys. These boys would make some easy money here and would improve the class of boxer coming along in this country. We had some good boys from Uncle Sam. Men like Langford, McGoorty, Jeff Smith, Billy Papke, Jimmy Clabby, Joe Shugrue, Sam McVey and Tommy O'Brien, to mention a few.

Now we had no Australian heavy to extend either Langford or McVey. Bill Papke beat our best in Dave Smith. Les Darcy alone stood out as a world beater. My opinion is that Les Darcy, Sam Langford, Joe Walcott and Bob Fitzsimmons were the four best men of their weight and inches that ever peeled a shirt.

R. A. Cumes, Kirra, Queensland, Australia.

OBJECTS TO CORBETTS RATING

BEING a regular reader of your magazine ever since it came out, I thought I would write you a letter. I want Jim Corbett to see it. In your December issue he was asked how he rated Jack Dempsey and he said, "Well, Dempsey is no great fighter, just a game fighter and a slugger. He is not one bit clever and knows nothing about blocking, ducking, wearying and parrying and no one knows if he is a stayer and off-handed I will say 'he is not.'" He goes on to say "I like Dempsey and he is a good kid, and don't want to make any disparaging remarks abut him."

Well, why don't he give him the credit is due him? How many times was Battling Levinsky stopped before Dempsey did it, also Gunboat Smith, Jess Willard, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Fred Fulton, and Firpo? Was there any other heavyweights who ever had 28 or 29 first round K. O.'s to their credit? So that makes him the greatest first round heavyweight fighter ever known.

Corbett claims Jack isn't clever, can't block or duck. Well, he wins his scraps and people are always pleased with the way he battles and go away satisfied.

Sailor Jim Woodruff,
U. S. S. Nevada, San Pedro, Cal.

A BRIEF FOR GRIFFO

I have read The Ring from its first publication and gentlemen, you surely have satisfied our needs—a worthwhile magazine, compiled from contributions from **men who know.**

A month seems a long time to wait for the next number and I find myself many times wishing it was published oftener. I notice a question from a fellow reader in this month's number. "Who would be the winner in a Driscoll-George Dixon fight?" and with a pang I read the answer Mr. Albertanti gave—Dixon.

I wrote above that your magazine was compiled from contributions from men who know. I mean this but I am firmly of the opinin that "Peerless Jim" would have well beaten "Little Chocolate." The late Frank Bradley was conceded by the world to be its greatest boxing outhority and in "Boxing World" and "Mirror of Life" he compared Griffo and Driscoll giving the usual five points per department speed, punching, cleverness, etc., and Driscoll finished ahead.

We have ample proof that Griffo was (even though never in good condition) Dixon's master and that he was like Wilde, the wonder of the world, beating lightweights and middleweights with equal ease.

Gentlemen, mayn't I have the pleasure of reading an article on Driscoll and his career with the Peerless one, taking his rightful place among the masters of the World?

Gans is rightfully sung as the old master yet Griffo could give weight to "the old master" and how many experienced boxing critics would bet big money on Gans to win?

Gentlemen—your perfect magazine gives me great pleasure and I am sincere when I state that you have the world's greatest contributing.

I sincerely hope that this letter will give you no offense. The sports records constitute my bible.

"Bat" Garrity, Hamilton, Ontario.

PRAISES OUR ARTICLES

Dear Sir:

Your articles in the issue of The Ring on Training and Exercise are becoming more interesting in each issue. Their scientific value is great. It is just the "stuff" I like.

Now about those talks with Corbett, I wish you could continue them or get in line with another popular boxer. I suggest asking the "retired ones" about some fine points in boxing. Surely, they would be of interest coming from a well known old-timer. Why not try picking up Jimmy De Forest and have him give some fine points.

LOUIS DOMINSKI,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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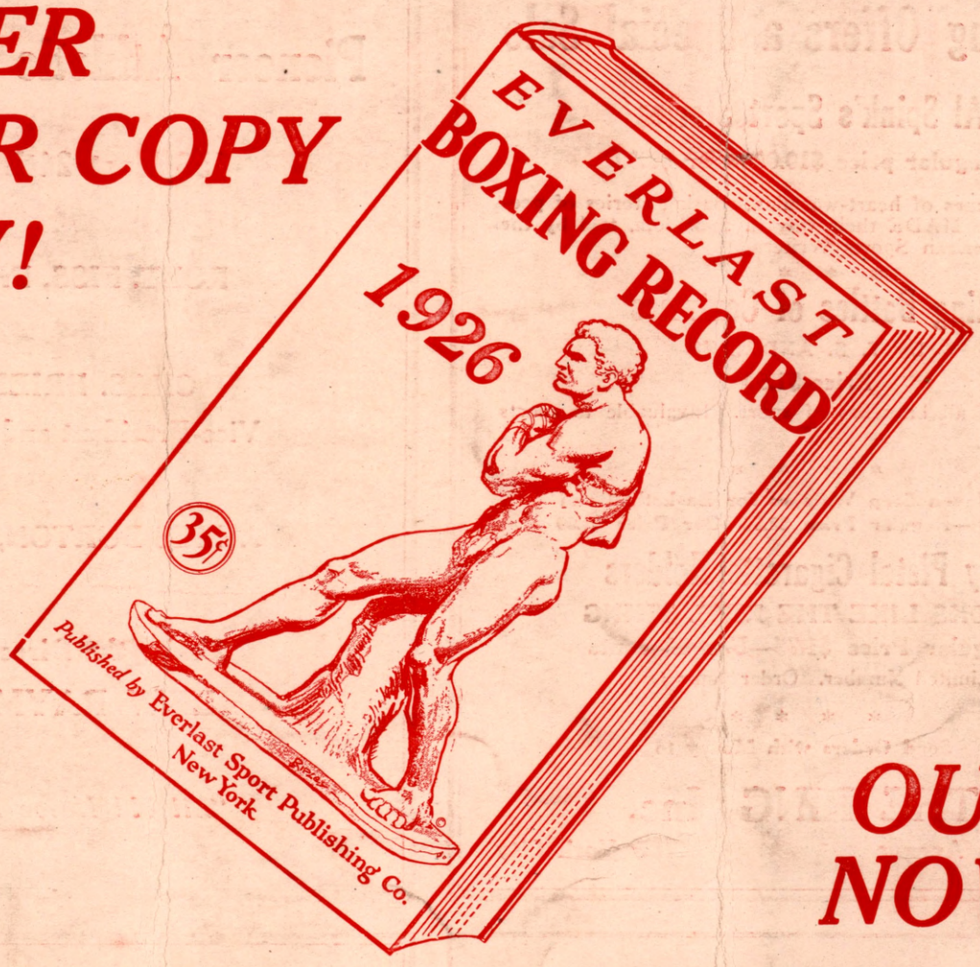

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